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"Quietly but insistently it tugs upon the emotions, upon that pride in the courage and the dignity that went into the building of this country which every American must feel who reads its early annals" . . .

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**NEW BOOKS FOR CHILDREN REVIEWED BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT**

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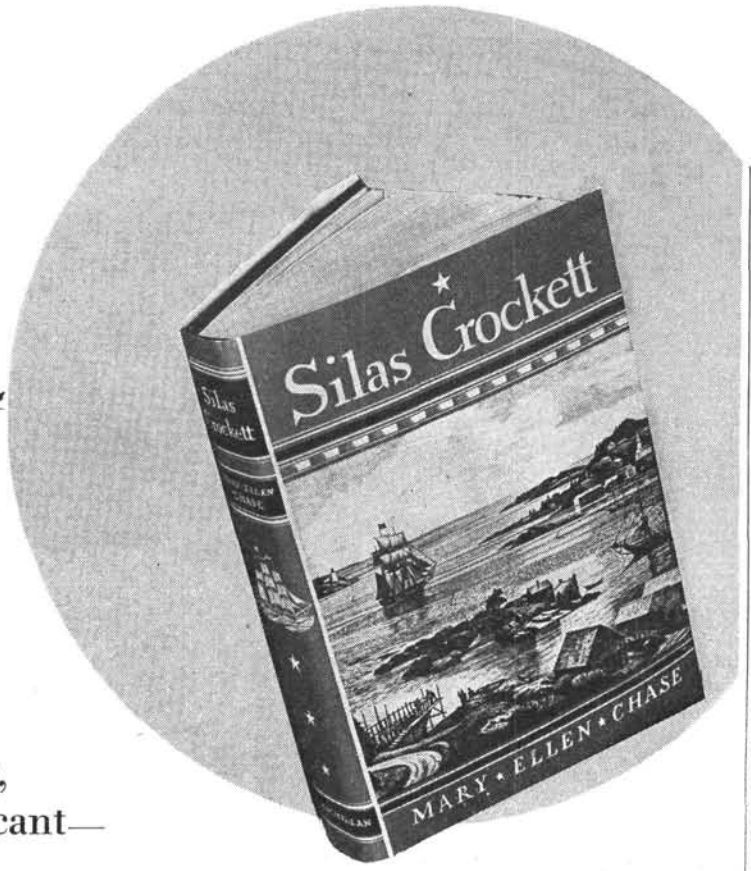
*"MARY PETERS"*

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# A Five-Inch Shelf

BY ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

*For his forthcoming anthology, "The Woollcott Reader," Alexander Woollcott has written a Foreword and sixteen Afterwords—each of the Afterwords applying to a selection reprinted in the anthology. The Editors of* The Saturday Review *saw this material in advance, and immediately recognized that an interesting article could be assembled from it. The Foreword is largely concerned with three of the books from the complete five-inch shelf—"shorter flights of the imagination," Mr. Woollcott calls them, "which have a way of getting out of print or are seldom found in the bookshops or for some other reason are hard to come upon." We have inserted into the Foreword the three Afterwords written about these three selections, and have omitted from the end of the Foreword two paragraphs not bearing upon them. The result, then, is itself a short anthology, with a coherence that may surprise the author, who is not responsible for our scissors and paste, but who is responsible for the generous enthusiasm displayed in these researches into the recent past.*—THE EDITORS.

Acme

MR. WOOLLCOTT AMONG HIS BOOKS
*At the bindery with advance copies of "The Woollcott Reader."*

I HAVE recently been engaged in assembling certain of the minor masterpieces from the literature of my own day which have given me the deepest and most abiding satisfaction. Most of these works of my betters I have read not once but many times, and always with delight, and if they have anything further in common, it may be found in the tell-tale fact that, no matter how many copies I have acquired from time to time by purchase, inheritance, larceny, and other methods, there is never one left on my shelf when I am stricken suddenly in the night with a hunger to reread it.

Thus for a quarter of a century I have been picking up stray copies of "A Doctor of the Old School," which still seems to me the most moving and uplifting tale ever told in the English language. But I am so given to leaving it on boats and trains, or, as happens oftener, pressing it into the hands of some neighbor to whom I could wish to be more akin, that there is no copy left for me when I feel the need of it. This chronicle of Dr. MacLure is the work of a Liverpool minister who died in Iowa in 1907. If, in some crisis of flood or fire, I knew I could keep, in my flight to safety, but one out of all the sacred writings in "The Woollcott Reader," there would be no moment of hesitation. I should choose "A Doctor of the Old School."

I have been reading it off and on for forty years. I cannot remember when I read it first. If you, too, grew up in a household of readers, you may recall that even while you were still personally addicted to G. A. Henty or Louisa M. Alcott, as the sex may be, you did sometimes out of curiosity explore a book addressed to grown-ups, if only the Olympians around you talked about it enough. Thus in the nineties, even when I was finding intolerable the week-long interval between issues of *Harper's Young People,* and later, in Germantown, Pa., when I used to sally forth of a Saturday morning to the Wister Library with five grimy library cards (even the Woollcott hired girl was compelled to join) and a small express wagon to help me fetch home enough of J. C. Trowbridge and Kirk Munroe to last me over the weekend, I was also aware of certain new books about which my elders were making a great pother. Four best sellers of the nineties still stand like misted mountains in a receding landscape—"Trilby" (which was such a national obsession as no book has been since), "Richard Carvel" (in which I first came face to face with my hero, Charles James Fox), "David Harum" (which the late Walter Hines Page of Garden City and the Court of St. James's had, when he was a reader of manuscripts for the *Atlantic Monthly,* rejected as "too vulgar"), and "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush." This last was a collection of sketches wherein, under the pen-name of Ian Maclaren, one Dr. John Watson, the aforesaid Liverpool clergyman, set down his fond memories of the Perthshire parish where as a young man he had been just such a little meenister as was later to encounter Babbie in the enchanted moonlight of Caddam Wood.

The great final chapter—one of the most deeply moving of all passages in English letters—was no part of "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush" when it was first published in England and first pirated in the United States. Like the earlier Kipling stories, this book came into being in a transition period when the recent reciprocal agreements tending to protect international copyright were still shaky, because they had not yet been perfected and buttressed by judicial decisions. I believe that Dr. Watson was asked to add a little something to the book as originally printed in England. Then his accredited American publisher would have a text distinguishable at a glance from the un-

## Next Week

BYRON
By PETER QUENNELL
*Reviewed by Samuel C. Chew*

ARCTIC ADVENTURE
By PETER FREUCHEN
*Reviewed by Marie Ahnighito Peary*

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authorized one which fly-by-night hucksters were already selling on every street corner. The result was "The Mourning of the Glen."*

Most authors are difficult if not impossible. Many of them can no more rewrite a paragraph than you can pour back into the saucepan the nutful fudge which has cooled and hardened on your windswept window-ledge. Whenever a publisher hints to one of these that a change in this or that sentence might improve a newly poured script, the outraged scribe at once behaves as if someone had suggested brightening up the Twenty-Third Psalm. After the kind of scene which then ensues, the battle-scarred publisher finds the cockles of his foolish heart mysteriously warmed by his recollection that Ian Maclaren's undying fame rests most securely on an afterthought instigated by the man who, after all, was going to take his book out and, if possible, sell it.

Long ago the legend of Dr. MacLure escaped from the book of which it was once a part and has had in our time a separate life. Indeed, it is obtainable in the bookshops as a separate volume. I could name you a member of the faculty in one of our great medical schools who each year makes it required reading for his classes. I could name you an actor (Walter Huston, if you must know) who dreams of making a movie out of it with himself as the Doctor and Vermont in 1870 as the background—Vermont, where he would find not only the floods and the snowstorms but just such unpacked hearts as beat in the Glen where Jess and the Doctor used to make their rounds. For that matter, I could name you a radio performer who, each year that he broadcasts, considers it a part of his job on this earth if he has one at all, to tell again the story of Weelum MacLure.

It is nearly thirty years ago that I first read "My Little Boy," and in that interval I must have bought at least fifty copies of that Danish beneficence. But the last one had wandered off on its eternal mission when first I began gathering material for this volume and, as it was out of print at the time, it took prodigies of emergency effort by several searching parties to find one for me in my moment of necessity. This wise, gentle, and unpretentious work, which came out of Denmark shortly after the turn of the century, is as simple and as modest and as perfect as a Vermeer. First published here in 1906, it would lapse out of print, then somehow be revived and go jogging along down the years. But though it made many friends, somehow it never reached any considerable fraction of the great multitude who—one knows infallibly—would find it dear and cherish it.

* *I. e.*, the final chapter of "A Doctor of the old School," which itself is included in "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush."—Editor.

Carl Ewald, son of an author more considerable in his native land, died in 1908. The younger Ewald's work was never widely known beyond the frontier of his own country, which is, after all, a tiny one. Once a friend of mine sought to cheer up the morose Georg Brandes by predicting a tremendous *réclame* for his forthcoming work. "But it's in Danish," Brandes complained bitterly. "What is Danish? A barbarous language which a few people whisper to one another in a small corner of the world."

"My Little Boy" is an interrupted biography. There are always readers who want to know what happened afterward. In this instance the story is still being told and I know few of the details. Did the little boy forget about Dirty? In an age when it matters in Europe, does he remember the lesson in tolerance his father taught him when he was a little boy? I do not know. I can tell you only that the still younger Ewald—his name is Jesper Ewald—is now (1935) a man of forty-two who lives in Naerum, Denmark, and is himself a writer with seven novels to his credit, as the odd, incautious saying goes. Jesper Ewald has done some translation from English into that tongue wherewith the Danish confide to one another in Copenhagen. Into Danish he has done such transpositions from our literature as "British Agent," "The Beloved Vagabond," and — *pour le sport* — "The Green Hat." Speaking of translations, the task in this instance was entrusted to the late Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, who is sorely missed. In the great post-war flow of books from the continent to America, the work of providing a text for this country more often than not is mystifyingly entrusted to someone whose linguistic equipment does not include a notable familiarity with the resources of the English language.

Acme

AUTHOR AND PUBLISHER

*Harold Guinzburg of the Viking Press conducts Mr. Woollcott through the printing plant.*

As for "Viva Mexico!" the enchanting book by that maddening underwriter, Mr. Charles Macomb Flandrau of St. Paul, it is in itself a traveling library which seemingly has a way of getting down off the shelf unaided and leaving the house while your back is turned.

Charles Macomb Flandrau (the second syllable of the middle name is pronounced not to rhyme with comb but with tomb) is a graduate of Harvard in the class of 1896. In "The Diary of a Freshman" (a serial requisitioned for *The Saturday Evening Post* in the early days of Mr. Lorimer's fateful editorship), Flandrau wrote the most engaging college story ever published and, in "Viva Mexico!", the best book I have come upon among those which attempt the alluring but difficult task of introducing the tricks and manners of one country to the people of another.

The second book was published in 1908, a mere seven years after the first, but later Flandrau proceeded at a more leisurely rate. In an ink-stained world where most of us write too much, he must be named along with A. E. Housman and the late Kenneth Grahame as one of the great underwriters. One could elaborately ascribe this abstinence to the self-mockery which always gives the philosophic pause. Or to the lack of any external necessity whipping him to work. But it might be simpler and more accurate just to set him down as lazy.

"Viva Mexico!" was published as the uncalculated by-product of his adventures on a coffee plantation in the years after he left college. Being himself one who, according to his own prescription, "is not inclined to exaggerate the importance of exactitude and is perpetually interested in the casual, the florid, and the problematical," he found Mexico one long, carelessly written, but absorbing romance. . . .

When Philip Guedalla made his own duly recorded visit south of the Rio Grande, he approached that stream by way of New York, after first poring over "Viva Mexico!" as though it were Holy Writ. In New York, at a luncheon party of writing folk, he chanced to ask what manner of fellow this Flandrau was, and learned with surprise that none of the assorted authors present had ever so much as clapped eyes on him. Then, from below the salt, there spoke up a broker chap who had been invited by mistake. "Flandrau was in my class at Harvard," the broker said dreamily, "and I remember

(*Continued on page* 14)

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# Ardors and Endurances

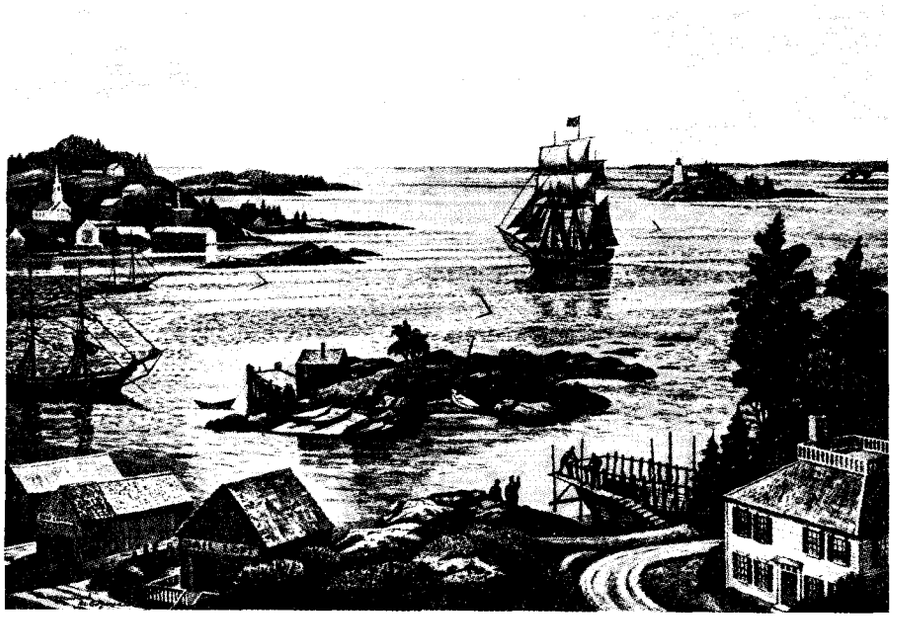
*SILAS CROCKETT. By Mary Ellen Chase. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1935. $2.50.*

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

INGRAINED firmly in the imagination if not in the experience of every American is the New England tradition of the sea and of shipping. The sturdy masters of sail and steam of whom Miss Chase writes in this tale may hail from Maine, but they are part of the common heritage of the nation and this leisurely chronicle of four generations of the Crockett family is localized in setting but not in interest. Miss Chase writes with the vivid appreciation that comes from familiarity with the smallest detail of her background, and with a warmth that breathes the spirit of life into her personalities. Her Saturday Cove, with its bustling harbor, its spacious homes, and its substantial citizens is in little the maritime history of Maine in the days of its pride. Its men from generation to generation went down to the sea in ships, its women brought up their children to endure and dream dreams and in good time to make just such stalwart captains and traders as their fathers had been before them, its wharves saw the old square-rigged ship give way to the clipper, and the clipper in turn superseded by the steamboat and with the transition the fading of seaboard Maine's glory. In between the early days and the later came a period when the men who had carried their country's trade to the furthest corners of the world built themselves solid homes, foursquare as themselves, showered their wives with ivories and cashmeres and finest porcelain from distant lands, and led lives of dignified comfort.

Miss Chase carries the course of Maine's shipping history vividly along on a thread of family chronicle, from the Crockett who saw with distrust modifications of the sailing craft he knew up to the last Crockett of her tale who was reduced for a livelihood to working in a herring cannery. It is an impressive cyclorama, with an amplitude to its personalities, and imaginative appeal in its portrayal of the rise and decay of a great industry.

Especially in its earlier portions is Miss Chase satisfying. Her depiction of the Maine of young Silas Crockett, who came to manhood at a time when the Canton trade was beckoning the way to wealth, and of his son Nicholas who sailed the seas in the great days of the clipper ships, is admirable. James and Abigail, Silas and Solace, Nicholas and Deborah—these are living, breathing men and women set against a background of town and sea and distant lands. Less individualized and striking are the generations that knew the decline and disappearance of the supremacy of sail. With them, it is impossible to feel that Miss Chase in her commiseration has entirely escaped sentimentality, even though setting and historical scene remain clear and convincing. The end of her book, indeed, is unashamedly "sweet" and does violence to the artistic integrity of the earlier part. But it is a good book, good reading, good history, good entertainment. Quietly but insistently it tugs upon the emotions, upon that pride in the courage and the dignity that went into the building of this country which every American must feel who reads its early annals. A heart-warming book. I liked it.



FROM THE END-PAPERS OF "SILAS CROCKETT"

H. W. FREEMAN

# A Family's Evolution

*HESTER AND HER FAMILY. By H. W. Freeman. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1935. $2.50.*

Reviewed by CURRIE CABOT

THIS novel possesses unusual fulness and vitality. On finishing it one is left with the conviction that H. W. Freeman is a seasoned novelist with a reserve of power that will produce other books well worth looking out for. He writes with an unhurried pace, a careful solidity of detail that hark back to the nineteenth century; there is no touch of impressionism, no brittle modernity to thin the slow, full stream of his narrative. He has a knowledge of his characters which does not stop with their appearances, their gestures, their instincts and thoughts, but extends with a really impressive completeness to their varied trades and businesses. He has a wide scope and is as much at home with Mr. Haydock, the scholarly rector, as with Hester and the other Suffolk countrypeople. His characters are never types; each one is a rounded individual.

Hester herself is a warm and living creature. Her beginnings are sordid, and her story would have ended dismally if, as Mr. Freeman would have us believe, her instincts had not been so sound. Mr. Freeman places great faith in instinct, and sometimes we catch in him far away echoes of the philosophy of D. H. Lawrence. It is faintly irritating, this suggestion of influence in a book which is otherwise so complete in itself, and influence is perhaps responsible for a distinct flaw in the novel,—a surfeit of monotonously realistic love-scenes.

The book is particularly interesting as the study of a family's evolution. There is a steady ascending curve from Ned Arbourne, the drover, a man who is nothing but instinct, through his daughter Hester with her more complicated emotional nature, to the sublimated consciousness of Jenny, Hester's daughter.

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# People and Scenes of Modern Asia

*THE ASIATICS. By Frederic Prokosch. New York: Harper & Brothers.* 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by PEARL S. BUCK

"THE ASIATICS" is not a novel, if by a novel one means a narrative wherein characters are not only presented but also portrayed and developed. There is here only brilliant presentation in rapid succession of a series of disconnected although fundamentally similar persons. The slight and only unifying external thread is the "I" of the author. There is, however, a unity deeper than this; it is the unity of a continuing and exclusive point of view which sees only that which it is prepared to see, only the persons within this chosen scope of vision, and of those persons only the aspects it prefers.

This scope, this aspect, is best expressed in the author's own words:

> Take away our clothes, our food, our liquor, our quaint sexual pleasures, our fatiguing little conversations, and our loathsome excitements about this and that; what's left? . . . Nothing's left, because we never really believed anything, we never rose above the world of objects, we never deep down within us were alive. It's the age of inversion, the negative age.

But within these limits—and one must accept the author's right to act upon his own point of view, and I have no quarrel with this one more than another, except that people who hold it do not seem able to get much fun out of being alive—this is an extraordinarily clever book. That is, Frederic Prokosch describes the world of objects—and in this world are to be included his people—with a physical closeness which fills our nostrils with reek and scent, which sets alive din and music in our ears, and sometimes makes the stomach sick with its reality. The section on India, particularly, portrays with terrifying accuracy a certain part of Indian human nature.

But I am interested in this book especially for what it symbolizes. It is a fine example of a type of novel now being written by certain young writers, wherein is to be found extraordinarily accurate and vivid portrayal of physical sensation without any further penetration into or understanding of life. Sense leads to nothing, means nothing, beyond itself. Characters are conceived as bodies only, moving blindly in the dark. We do not know what they think and feel. About them is always the smell of death and corruption. I am reminded of an old Chinese superstition which teaches that when death comes, the three souls leave the body first, and only gradually and reluctantly do the seven earthy spirits depart, so that there is an interval when the souls—that is, the seat of intelligence and moral sense—are gone, and the body is given over to the earthy spirits. Then even though he were a good man in life the corpse does the most blindly evil deeds, and he must be bound with ropes lest he harm even those whom he once loved. So in a sort of phosphorescent native evil the characters of this book stir blindly upon its pages.

It is not fair, I think, to call this book "The Asiatics," not only because, physically, so little of Asia is included—Japan and China and Russia are omitted—but because the whole of the robust, active, humorous, everyday aggressive life in all Asia is omitted, and this is to omit most of Asia, after all.

But it is, of course, an author's right to omit all he likes. And within the small circle this author has chosen, it must be fully granted that he gives us a brilliant, though glancing, and glittering array of pictures. To read it is to have the experience, with the author, of moving through strange and alien crowds, to see for a moment the turn of an unknown head, the curve of foreign lips, the sound of melancholy, unfamiliar singing, the touch of a stranger's hat and too caressing hand, and then to pass on.

# Genji for New Readers

*THE TALE OF GENJI. By Lady Murasaki. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Co.* 1935. $5.

Reviewed by HAROLD G. HENDERSON

MR. ARTHUR WALEY'S translation of Lady Murasaki's famous "Tale of Genji" is now being reissued in a two-volume handy form. This is good news, for it is a curious fact that all "Genji" addicts (and this reviewer is frankly one of them) seem to have the bad habit of reading in bed. And yet, perhaps after all the fact is not so curious, for "Genji" is eminently a bed-book—at least by Mr. Bemerton's definition. It is long; it is leisurely; it has purple mountains which lure the reader on; and it also has its level plains, unexciting but dotted with pleasant flowers.

TWO PAINTINGS BY MAJESKA

*Pictures on this page from the frontispieces of the new edition of "Genji."*

For those, if such there be, who do not know "The Tale of Genji" it should be said that it is the outstanding novel of Japan, and has been so for over nine hundred years. It was written, probably between the years 1000 and 1015, by Murasaki Shikibu, who during most of that period was a lady-in-waiting to the Empress. Murasaki used for her background the life of the Court—and a most extraordinary court it was. At that period Japan was dominated by the ancient and noble Fujiwara family, who, however, held their position by intrigue rather than by force of arms. In consequence the real power was already beginning to slip from the Capital and to pass to the military magnates of the provinces. But as yet the courtiers could see no signs of this. To them it seemed simply that the Emperor, relieved of the cares of state by his faithful Fujiwara, had time to devote himself to stately ceremonial, to music, to art, to poetry—and to love affairs. And the courtiers naturally followed the example of their Master. The result was that there centered around the Court a very high but very narrow culture, brilliant, artificial, dreamlike, in which esthetics had become almost a religion. And it is against this background that is painted the pageant of the life and loves of Prince Genji—Hikaru Genji, the Shining One.

Murasaki has made her people and her period vividly alive, and Mr. Waley's magnificent translation has kept them so. This translation was originally published in six parts between the years 1925 and 1933. For those of us who eagerly waited for each succeeding volume to appear, this first edition had, however, one great drawback. The print was large and the paper very thick, and the volumes were just a little too unwieldy to be perfect bed-books. The present edition, which has smaller print and very much thinner paper, is far more convenient.

*Harold G. Henderson has recently translated a history of Japanese art from the Japanese.*

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# Saint Stalin

*STALIN. By Henri Barbusse. New York: The Macmillan Co.* 1935. $3.

Reviewed by SIDNEY HOOK

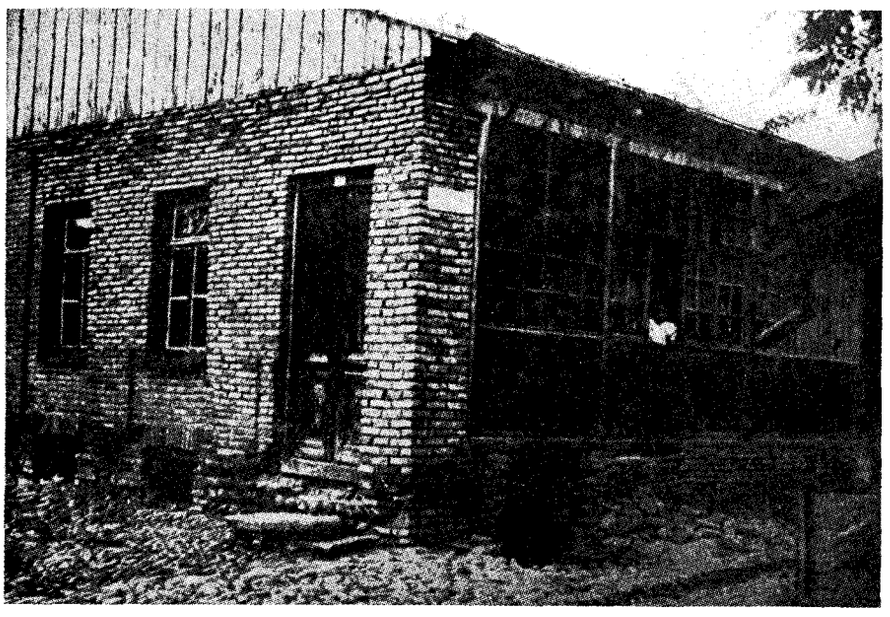
JOSEPH VISSARIONOVITCH DJUGASHVILI, whose name, happily for English orthography, was abbreviated to Stalin, is the most powerful ruler in the world today. Natural curiosity about his personality, cultural tastes, and the internal landscape of his mind has until now been gratified only by anecdote, partisan legend, and revolutionists' gossip. When, therefore, Henri Barbusse, who some years ago published a "Life of Jesus," undertook to write a biographical portrait of Stalin, all the resources of the Russian government were put at his disposal. Special and numerous interviews with Stalin were arranged and carefully edited archive material was furnished. Great expectations flourished in all sympathetic quarters. This book is the result of Barbusse's officially encouraged, if not inspired, labors. Whoever turns to it in hopes of getting some insight into Stalin, the man and leader of men, his ideas and methods of action, will be sorely disappointed. For what we have here is neither history nor biography but liturgical rhapsody. By some fantastic transference of the Messianic nimbus from the carpenter of Galilee to the young seminarist of Georgia, Barbusse has written a work in which fact and fancy are hopelessly blurred in a hazy and shoddy religious mysticism.

More's the pity! For Stalin, think what we may of his policies, deserves better of a biographer than to be rendered ridiculous by such premature apotheosis. Were this not the work of a man who, as is well known, shut his eyes, opened his mouth, and swallowed whole the new dispensation with all its Stalinist trimmings, it would be denounced as a subtle "counter-revolutionary" attempt to undermine faith in "the leader" by painting him in the colors of saintly inanity. People might well ask what kind of a hero is this who permits such fawning and grovelling. But Stalin is not the holy fool Barbusse makes him out to be. Imagine how a hard-bitten Marxist, proud of his militant atheism, would react to such typical passages in Barbusse's books as: ". . . if the cobbles in the streets could talk they would say, 'Stalin'": or this coupling of Lenin and Stalin, "he is the paternal brother who is really watching over everyone. Although you do not know him, he knows you and is thinking of you. Whoever you may be, you have need of this benefactor. Whoever you may be, the finest part of your destiny is in the hands of that other man [Stalin] who also watches over you, and who works for you." Not a critical line, note, or word mars the creamy raptures of Barbusse's devotional exercises. The imaginative reconstruction of Stalin's past which offers great possibilities to the conscientious biographer, turns out to be nothing but a *pastiche* of remembered sayings about Stalin by his present-day subordinates who hold their positions on his sufferance.

It is not to Stalin alone that a manifest injustice has been done by the publication of this book but to the memory of the Russian Revolution. And to Barbusse himself. Had he truthfully admitted to himself that he was not writing a sober account of Stalin's career but a transfiguration in terms of sacred fable, Barbusse would have avoided doing violence to firmly established facts. But as it is he stands under the shadow of having deliberately committed more than a hundred sins (at which point I stopped counting) of omission and commission in his prolonged, Byzantine hymn. I cite an illustration. "Lenin," says Barbusse, "arrived at Petrograd April 3rd, 1917. Stalin arrived at the same time from the opposite direction." The actual facts are so well known that Barbusse could not have been ignorant that Stalin together with Kamenev and Muranov was already editing *Pravda,* the Petrograd organ of the Bolshevik Party, on March 15th. Why this deliberate perversion of the truth? The explanation is simple. In the interests of his religious myth, Barbusse must make it appear that Stalin enjoyed Lenin's confidence at all times. But as a matter of fact, upon his return to Russia, Lenin launched a vitriolic attack upon the editors of *Pravda* for their social-patriotism, for their conditional support of the Provisional government and their failure to put the question of the conquest of power on the order of the day. Since Stalin was one of the leading three responsible for the policy of social patriotism, Barbusse must remove him from Petrograd, play ducks and drakes with calendar dates, and arrange his entry into the city to coincide with that of Lenin. Only a man in the throes of a great obsession can delude himself that the world will look away while he drags historical truth into the dust so that he can feel free to urge others to kneel before his idol.

It would be kinder to Barbusse's name to forget that he ever wrote this book. But it can and should be used as a horrible object lesson of the intellectual and spiritual fate in store for sentimentalists of every political complexion who have embraced a cause without trying to understand it, who have glorified action at the expense of truth and evidence, and, finally, have abandoned their integrity as craftsmen for the consoling myth that they are on the winning side. Perhaps the saddest thing about Barbusse's pitiful attempt to fall in line in atonement for the mildly critical indiscretions of his past, is the sentiment expressed in his unguarded statement: "If Trotsky had been right, he would have won." The material, if not the formal, implication of the remark is that "Whoever wins, is right." Yes, if Trotsky had won, Barbusse would doubtless have written of him with the same revolting fulsomeness as he now writes of Stalin. The principle behind Barbusse's practice unfailingly leads to spiritual debauchment; its effects are observable not only in Europe but in our own country. But however it may be with the lettered mercenaries of the world, no person who desires to retain his self-respect at a time when all ideal values are threatened by party passions can believe that might makes right and that the law of the jungle is the law of mind.

*Sidney Hook is on the faculty of New York University. He is the author of "Towards the Understanding of Karl Marx," and he edited a recent symposium entitled "The Meaning of Marx."*



STALIN'S BIRTHPLACE AT GORI IN GEORGIA. *From "Stalin."*

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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## Goodbye, Proud World

THE genial presence in the United States of Mr. James Hilton, author of "Good-bye, Mr. Chips," and "Lost Horizon," raises an interesting question, which seems to puzzle Mr. Hilton himself. Just how shall we account for the great popularity of these books in America? They are good books both of them, imaginative, rich in sentiment, well written. And "Mr. Chips" was fortunate enough to engage the enthusiastic affection of several very effective ringmasters of the public. But their popularity—any popularity—needs more explanation than this. Mr. Hilton wrote earlier novels which broke through no crust of popular indifference. Nor is it true that he succeeded at last only because Mr. Woollcott broadcast him. And he, a modest man, would be the last to say that here we have a question of undoubted masterpieces making their claim upon the ages.

Our guess is that these books were popular precisely because they stood apart from and did not proceed from the intellectual ferment of the times. Sometimes those stresses and strains of the intellect and emotions which set people arguing, which obsess the thoughts, and turn a whole generation down a new road—sometimes they are favorable to the writing profession and sometimes they are not. The new letters by William James, for example, which Ralph Barton Perry is just publishing, are full of a spiritual excitement over character, conduct, ideals, aspirations, and especially personality, which could, and did, easily transmute itself into fiction, though not so readily into poetry. Compare that age at the turn of the century with these thirties. Contrast interest in man as a soul, a personality, a psychology which passes so readily into an imaginative handling of human nature, with the economics which obsesses our generation. Of course economics is no longer a dismal science. It has become intensely human. There is no logical reason why questions of wages and the distribution of wealth, problems of the reorganization of society with or without violence, disputes between democracy and dictatorship, or speculations as to a classless society, should not become the substance of great fiction, the inspiration of great poetry. But they are still stiff with dogmatisms, stuffed with undigested facts, and too closely related to getting and spending. Man for the communists is as yet really an economic animal, who expects happiness if only he can get his share of national wealth, and denies even the possibility of content in hardship or subjection. For the moment it seems to them futile to think of other needs of human nature. But such ideas are too narrow for literature, which is uneasy in the presence of these current oversimplifications. Like tough beef, such economic ideas need a long boiling, longer than we have given them, before they become food for the creative imagination. They will not translate easily into fiction or poetry, which are jealous mistresses who dislike sermonizing, although drama does better with them. Critics of another age looking at our existing samples of class conscious poetry and fiction, would agree, we think, that they best express what is the most important intellectual ferment of the age. But would not they also find them full of lumps and strings, not yet either pure propaganda or pure literature, a confused and shapeless product, interesting, significant, everything but readable? The conclusion is irresistible that what makes us think hardest, feel strongest today is a concern which is not favorable to literature. It is an unliterary decade, and probably it ought to be.

But the desire to be pleased in the fancy, to read about people that one likes, or ideas removed from the daily struggle, will not down. It goes on among the populace quite without reference to intellectual ferments and focuses of emotional interest. Mr. Morgan with his "The Fountain" and its mysticism, Mr. Hilton with his two books, were fortunate enough to arouse and satisfy this desire. Mr. Hilton gave a public, many of whose younger authors were engrossed with the class struggle, a glimpse of escape into philosophic reflection, a sight of a man who made peace and quiet in his own mind, and the public rose to meet him. In another age the roles might well have been inverted. Samuel Butler in the nineteenth century wrote of social shams and the evils of industrialism. But unlike our proletarian writers he was out of accord with the intellectual ferment of his day. Few then read him, even among the intellectuals. The popular novelists whose books the public fed upon, were, on the other hand, in strict accord with the discussion over man's moral nature which was the central theme of that age. They did not have to go to Tibet or to an English public school, or to romantic mysticism in order to find a popular theme. They could make literature readily from what most concerned the age. This is not yet true today.

**Mark Twain** Mark Twain's two letters to a child, which we publish this week, came from his kind heart rather than from his ironical brain. This is Mark Twain of "The Prince and the Pauper," which it is interesting to see from these same letters was one of his favorite books. Far different was that dangerous antagonist of shams and conventions who wrote the letter recently printed for the first time complete, the Twain who warned the priggish librarian in Concord that if she censored Tom and Huck for their coarseness she must in all fairness protect her youthful readers from the immoralities of the God of the Old Testament. Indeed Mark Twain, unlike many of our contemporaries, could be bitter and ironical without losing his affection for human nature. No communist writer is more violent than he could be, but he never lost his sense for the value of a good joke, nor ever forgot that friendship is quite as important as the solidarity of class feeling. It is quite possible that his sense of humor is responsible for the uneven quality of his work. It was so constantly active that no crystallizing of his nature ever took place. His sentiment, as one sees it in these letters, never quite related itself to his sarcasms.

There were at least three Mark Twains: a credulous, good-natured fellow who laughed at every one including himself, but not at people who cheated him, or at his own misfortunes when they emptied his pocketbook; next, a savage satirist attacking cruelty, hypocrisy, and cowardice, which, when he looked for them, he found everywhere, even, or especially, in God; and last, this kindly and simple nature who liked old sweethearts, little girls, and the woods in Connecticut. It seems to have rested him to take turns being first one and then another.

### Ten Years Ago

Alexander Woollcott's "The Story of Irving Berlin," his fifth book, was reviewed by Douglas Moore in The Saturday Review in 1925. Mr. Moore wrote: "*The volume tells often but not why Irving Berlin's contribution to music is superlative. . . It is too bad Mr. Woollcott decided not to venture out of the harbor of journalism*" . . . But he concluded that "*the story is most entertainingly told and many interesting revelations are made.*"

### Today

Mr. Woollcott is still listed in "Who's Who" as a journalist, but is better known to the radio public as The Town Crier, and to readers as the author of "While Rome Burns." His enthusiasm was largely responsible for the wide popularity of James Hilton's books in this country (see column 1). His anthology, "The Woollcott Reader," will soon be published.

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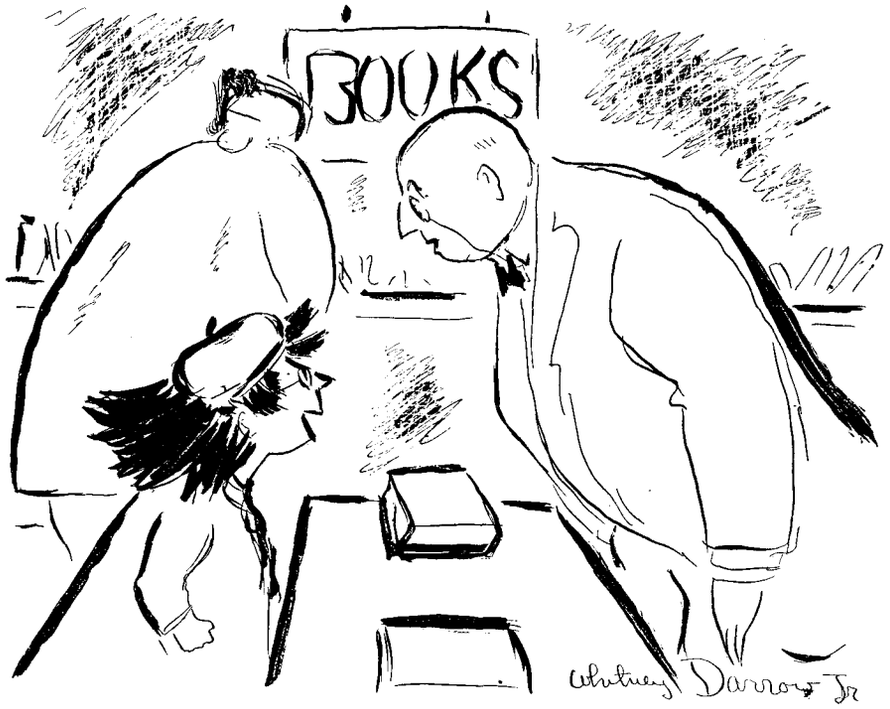
# Letters to the Editor: *Two Letters of Mark Twain, Hitherto Unpublished*

*The two letters which follow, and which never have been published, were written by Mark Twain to Margaret Blackmer, now Mrs. Erle G. Kistler. Margaret Blackmer, then aged 12, was one of the little girls with whom Mark made charming friendships that endured on his trips to Bermuda. "Finding someone of her age to play with," she became his companion for many walks and talks on the island. She was a member in good standing (M.A.) of the Aquarium of Angel Fishes—those children who solaced him in the last years of illness and loneliness after the death of his daughter. These letters have been exhibited at the Mary Reed library of the University of Denver by Mr. Joe Hare, assistant to the Director, who has sent them with an accompanying note to the* Review, *and are printed with the consent of the Trustees of the Estate of Samuel Clemens, the Mark Twain Company, and Harper and Brothers, with full reservation of rights.*




"SHOW ME A CLASS-CONSCIOUS MOTHER GOOSE."

INNOCENCE AT HOME
REDDING, CONNECTICUT
Sept. 18/08

You dear little Margaret!

I am so glad to hear from you. Yesterday, in the billiard-room I said to Mr. Paine, "There's Margaret, hanging on the wall, and I know by some instinct that within 3 days I shall hear from her"—and it has come true.

I have not been away from this house since I arrived here just 3 months ago; but I am going to New York Sept. 25, (Friday), arriving toward 1 p.m., and shall walk over from the Grand Central to the Woman's Club, 9 East 46th Street, and call upon you and your mother. The rest of the day and evening I shall spend with my youngest daughter at the Martha Washington hotel and then see her off to Germany next morning.

I have had a most pleasant 3 months here, with delightful guests coming and going, some staying a day or two and some a week. Awhile ago Louise Paine, M.A., and Dorothy Harvey, M.A., were here together 6 or 7 days; Dorothy Quick, M.A., and her mother gave us 6 days; Marjorie Breckinridge, M.A., left here last Monday; at 7 this evening Dorothy Sturgis, M.A., and maid will arrive, and will remain until the 25th; on the 26th Miss Wallace (you remember her?) will reach New York from Europe, and she and Mr. ——— will come home with me the next morning (Sunday) in the 9 a.m. train, which reaches Redding in about an hour and forty minutes.

And as soon as we can arrange the date, you and your mother must come. I hope you will like this place, and I am sure you will.

Yes indeed, dear heart, you can have any book of mine you want.

My favorites are: Joan of Arc; Prince and Pauper; Huck Finn; Tom Sawyer. I will take them to you on the 25th.

I hope you will have your shell with you, for you have been away a long time, and without it I should be almost certain to mistake you for somebody else.

With lots of love
S. L. C. (curator).

Burglars in the house after midnight this morning. They are on their way to jail this afternoon. We are buying a couple of bulldogs and hoping they will call again.

INNOCENCE AT HOME
REDDING, CONNECTICUT
Oct. 6/08

You dear Margaret, I went to your room an hour ago on my way to breakfast, to call you—then I remembered. I had to go down alone. I should have been much better satisfied if I had had your company. To look at you a person would think you couldn't take up much room, but you do; this place seems pretty empty without you.

We went down to the gorge toward sunset yesterday afternoon, and sat a good while on the rocks that border the bridge—where you and I hulled the nuts. Then——went down on the upper side, where we gathered chestnuts, you remember, and when he was tripping his way to the entrance of the tunnel he found the chocolate and the letter on the ground. You see, I threw them there and forgot about it. . . .

*Oct.* 7. Your letter came yesterday, and was very welcome. Do the kittens miss you? Indeed they do. Why, even the rocks, and the trees and the flowers miss you. Yes, and the landscape, too. It doesn't think as much of itself as it did when you were a part of it, and I shall not be satisfied with *it* until you are a part of it again. It is pathetically doing its very best to make up for your loss with other splendors, but it doesn't succeed—doesn't with *me,* dear, for sure. . . .

*Oct.* 8. You've been gone so long, now, that I suppose I wouldn't know you if I met you. But fortunately there's the shell! By that I should know you in a minute; for there's only the one shell.

Day before yesterday——and I found a new trail, and a long one. First it goes down the road to Mrs. ——'s; then takes the old road to the left (the one we drove over to the Branchfield* station when you and your mother went away); by and by you turn sharply to the left again and prowl through deep woods over an old grass-grown road which curves gradually leftward and at last comes out on the road that goes down past the red barns and the gorge. You cross our bridge there and go up past the mound toward our hickory trees, and up the slope to the top, and there you are! with the kitchen-end of the house in sight—and in two minutes more you are at home. It is a splendid long oval tramp, you see, with quails whizzing up all about you and the deep woods rich with autumn colors. Next time you come, dear, we'll try it, nicht wahr?

As soon as Helen is old enough to travel you must bring her here every little while and teach her to like the place for your sake and mine. Will you, dear? And her brother, too. I know I shall love the children; in truth I love them already, and often think of them.

*Noon, 8th.* I got up at 9:30 and went down stairs. The woods were so beautiful from my bedroom window, all drenched with sunshine and purpled with shadows, that I *had* to go down and observe them from the loggia arches.

The servants came to bid me good-bye, at 11. They gave notice a week or ten days ago, still frightened to death about that burglary. All of them are gone, except the two outside men (Harry and the

(*Continued on page* 29)

* Branchville? Ed.

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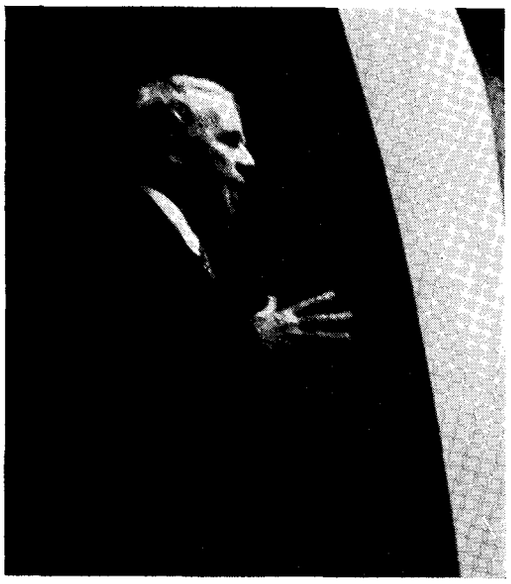
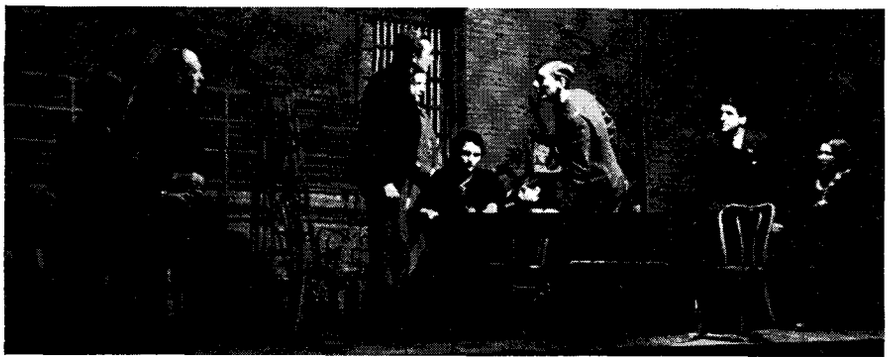
# Men of Letters Come to Town

## Some Recent Visitors to New York Photographed by Robert Disraeli



*From the Green Mountains of Vermont, Robert Frost comes to read his poetry at the New School for Social Research.*

*Back from the green hills of Africa, Ernest Hemingway (in the light suit, below) visits his publishers, talks with S. S. Van Dine (left), Charles Scribner, and Maxwell Perkins. The little sombrero is an ash tray.*



*From the South—two plays arrive on Broadway. Above, a rehearsal of "Let Freedom Ring," based on Grace Lumpkin's novel "To Make My Bread." Right, Langston Hughes goes over the MS of "Mulatto" with the director and the leading actress. (Mr. Hughes published a poem of the same title in the SRL in 1927.)*

*From the U.S.S.R. (left) two Soviet humorists, Ilf and Petrov, authors of "The Little Golden Calf," have come to see what's funny about the U.S.A. . . . (Above) From Ireland, Francis Hackett, biographer of Francis I and Henry VIII, arrives with his wife, Signe Toksvig, to look over the literary scene.*

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# Graphic Studies in American History

*THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL SCENE. As depicted by Stanley Arthurs and interpreted by Fifty Authors. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press.* 1935. $20.

*THE STORY OF AMERICA IN PICTURES. Arranged by Alan C. Collins. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co.* 1935. $3.50.

Reviewed by RALPH GABRIEL

A PAINTING or drawing may be a satire on the contemporary scene or it may seek to present the idealism or aspiration of the moment. It may also be, of course, purely descriptive. All such artistic work becomes in time part of the documentary record which the student of the past must explore if he would recover the spirit and moods of other days. The present sumptuous edition of the paintings of Stanley Arthurs is a case in point.

Arthurs does not deal with life about him, but he devotes himself to the reconstruction of the past. He learned his craft from that greatest of American historical artists, Howard Pyle. This master, who combined careful scholarship with artistic ability of a high order, made the American past live again as almost no other man has done. He recognized the narrow boundaries within which the artist, who turns historian, must work. He sought to present in line and color a vanished tableau, the reality of a single moment, and was content to leave to the printed page the narrative of the flow of events, the maneuvers of political intrigue, the niceties of international adjustments, and the philosophies of men. Perhaps because historians have properly been so much interested in these aspects of the past they have tended to dismiss even Pyle's work as of little importance in the task of presenting the record of the past. Of late years, however, the concept of history as past politics has been replaced by that of history as an overview of a changing civilization. A part of this new and larger task is social description, in which undertaking the historical painter has obvious advantages. A carefully reconstructed scene from the brush of Pyle or even of Arthurs is frequently the equivalent of a dozen pages of descriptive matter.

THE SIEGE OF BOONESBORO—*Arthurs. From "The American Historical Scene."*

Arthurs's historical scholarship is careful and sound, although his artistic gifts are inferior to those of his master. The present volume presents brief descriptions by many well known authors of the historical background of each of his pictures reproduced. It is frankly a tribute to a skilful and sincere workman who has standards though he lacks brilliance. It suggests the possibility of other and more important volumes.

One notes with interest that Mr. Collins, the compiler of "The Story of America in Pictures," omits from his collection the work of Pyle, Arthurs, Homer, Darley, and even the great cartoonist, Nast. He has chosen a few selections from the work of competent men, but the artist upon whom he leans most heavily in presenting the early national period is Alonzo Chappell, a painter-engraver who was a contemporary of Darley's and who dealt with historical themes. Chappell's deficiences in artistic ability and historical accuracy were more than offset by the keenness of his commercial sense. In the form of steel engravings his work, which was a skilful blend of romantic nationalism and melodrama, appeared upon the walls or in the books laid conspicuously on the tables of hundreds of mid-nineteenth century American homes. The reason why Collins takes Chappell so much more seriously than any other artist becomes clear when the reader discovers that the Collins volume is also a blend of romantic nationalism and melodrama. He has presented a highly seasoned version of the American story, emphasizing the gory deaths of heroes, the horrors of Indian massacre, the frenzy of war, and the nobility of patriots. Mr. Collins has taken full advantage within the limits of his space of the wealth of picturesque detail to be found in American history.

*Ralph Gabriel, professor of history at Yale University, was general editor of "The Pageant of America" and author of two of the books in the series.*

# Magic Land of Africa

*SPEAK TO THE EARTH. By Vivienne de Watteville. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas.* 1935. $3.

Reviewed by JULIAN W. FEISS

TEN years have passed since the publication of "My African Neighbors," by Hans Coudenhove. During this interval there have been many books written on various phases of Africa but none of them has left the indelible impression of sincerity, beauty, and charm that so characterized the simple work of Coudenhove. "Speak to the Earth" is the first descriptive account of an African journey since 1925 worthy of comparison with "My African Neighbors."

Miss de Watteville represented no museum, scientific society, or commercial enterprise on her journey alone to the borderlands of Kenya and Tanganyika. Her only object was to see the animals and to obtain a series of photographs. She was especially interested in elephants and decided to study them intimately and, if possible, to make friends with other animals of the bush and plain. At considerable risk, she realized her ambition and also snapped a number of cinema shots at close range. Unfortunately for the amateur photographer, animals have been hunted so extensively throughout East Africa that they have become very shy and there are few possibilities of obtaining first class photographs without the aid of telephoto lenses and elaborate equipment. Miss de Watteville, however, was chiefly interested in observing animals and her camera served as a pretext. Despite idealistic motives, she admits that there is an undesired element of risk in chumming with man-eating lions and, judging from incidents in "Speak to the Earth," she had sufficient opportunity to discover this fact.

The second portion of her book is devoted to Miss de Watteville's wanderings around Mt. Kenya. The volume is illustrated with photographs of snow peaks and mountain valleys as beautiful as those of Switzerland.

Through the narrative runs the thread of the author's love for Africa and her enthusiasm for the great peaks, wild animals, and green forests. Only a woman enthralled by the spell of that magic land would have the courage to face alone the fevers and hardships of a difficult journey into the interior. Despite the many safaris and countless "expeditions" into Kenya and Tanganyika, a solitary woman travelling many miles from the nearest medical aid and supply depot is undertaking a feat of endurance and courage. Miss de Watteville possessed both, as evidenced by her book, and she also had something far more rare; a true love for the country through which she passed.

*Julian W. Feiss is a mining engineer who has spent considerable time in Africa.*

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# An American Legend

*AMY LOWELL. A Chronicle. By S. Foster Damon. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.* 1935. $5.

Reviewed by MARK VAN DOREN

AN enthusiasm for Amy Lowell's poetry was doubtless indispensable to the author of this book. No less a thing was needed to carry Mr. Damon through the great length of his narrative and through the mountain of documents which must have been at his disposal. But what of a reader who does not share Mr. Damon's enthusiasm—who does not believe for a minute that Amy Lowell was or is "one of the two or three leading influences in the poetry of a nation," who thinks that the "complete victory" to which she rode over the bodies of her antagonists was scarcely a literary victory at all, and who gags at such a phrase as "sheer genius" when it is applied to the poem "Patterns"? Can that reader enjoy Mr. Damon's book? He can.

He will skip the criticism as something not worthy of the name, and he will make his allowances for a piece of literary history which is completely out of proportion. But then he will settle down to a story which was worth telling for its own sake, and which has for its heroine a really remarkable woman. Amy Lowell was known to be remarkable before Mr. Damon came along. She has been, of course, an American legend. Mr. Damon, however, has added both to her charm and to her personal importance—sometimes by trimming the legend and sometimes by going as far beyond it as the truth will take him. The legend was often vulgar, as he never is; and being vulgar it lacked the strength of this full portrait in natural colors.

It was time, for instance, that some one gave us her Boston setting as it genuinely was, and Mr. Damon in his early chapters has done this with a rich and curious skill. Not merely the Lowells but the whole of their Boston from the middle of the nineteenth century on, with its pride in its hardihood, its insistence upon its eccentricity, and its indubitable if provincial brilliance—all this becomes a background in front of which Amy Lowell remains clear and strong through a narrative of more than seven hundred pages. She herself, of course, was clear and strong, and Mr. Damon seems to have missed no item that would bring her out. She was no less generous than domineering; she had more friends than enemies among those who knew her; and the almost incredible activity of her life after she became famous was far from being an activity entirely in her own interest. She had causes to further as well as poets to help; she loved the thought that she was in the thick of a fight; and all the while she was living the highly picturesque life of which Mr. Damon, perhaps, has furnished the definitive sketch. There were her horses, her dogs, and her cat; there were her cigars; and there was the big house at Brookline where she slept all day and worked all night—all night, that is, after her dinner guests had left at the prescribed hour of 12:05, when the floor of the library became a wastebasket and a certain table piled higher and higher with manuscript to be typed tomorrow morning. During the evening the guests had sat around this same library with large towels over their laps to protect their clothing from the affectionate tongues of nine sheep dogs; but now it was the room where Amy Lowell was writing the poems which not so many people read any more.

IN THE GARDEN AT SEVENELS

*Pictures on this page are from "Amy Lowell" by S. Foster Damon.*

AMY LOWELL AS A DEBUTANTE

Mr. Damon's sketch is fascinating, convincing, and true; and his sketch further on of the literary background for Amy Lowell's battles—London, Boston, New York—is equally valuable as history. He overestimates the importance of the battles, and of the "movement" to which she lent herself so valiantly; but the details of the story have their own human interest, and the "New Poetry" is documented here as it has never been documented before, particularly in the earlier period of Pound and T. E. Hulme. The later years, in fact, become rather tiresome; we are told just how many speeches Miss Lowell made every day, and where, and about what, and how she answered at great length someone who had disagreed with her.

The book is valuable for many incidental things, the chief of them being D. H. Lawrence's letters from England, Italy, and elsewhere. Since these letters have never been printed before, and since Lawrence was one of the best letter-writers in modern times, they alone make the volume worth while. Yet they have the further interest of proving that Amy Lowell was a remarkable person who deserved a biography; for her character as reflected from their surface takes on a special warmth and depth, and this cannot be wholly because Lawrence was a man of unusual perception. Nor did he flatter her. He told her that the whole imagist business was "a *cul de sac* of art," and he never minded saying that her poetry was inferior to herself. By letting him say so in these pages Mr. Damon has managed, then, to give us the materials for a balanced view of Amy Lowell, poet and person.

*Mark Van Doren, former literary editor of the* Nation, *is a critic and poet whose latest volume, "Winter Diary and Other Poems" have won him warm critical acclaim.*

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# The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

## The Folder

### Shakespeare's "Images"

DR. CAROLINE SPURGEON'S *Shakespeare's Imagery and What It Tells Us* is an exciting book; it emanates what is rare indeed in Shakespearean research, a sense of being close upon Will's actual vestiges. You will read with bate of breath Miss Spurgeon's account of her adventure in Captain Jaggard's bookshop in Sheep Street, Stratford. (Captain Jaggard is descended from the printer of the First Folio.) Miss Spurgeon had been interested in the great number of Shakespeare's allusions to rivers, particularly streams in flood, and the behavior of their currents. She told Jaggard that she was anxious to stand on the old Clopton Bridge when the Avon was in flood, to watch the movement of the water. "Yes," he said, "and you should stand on the eighteenth arch of the bridge, the one nearest the London side, for when the river is in flood the force of the current produces the most curious effect."

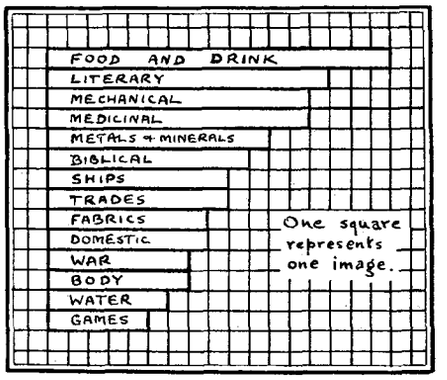
Captain Jaggard went on to describe a queer eddy and returning current at that spot; as he spoke he was at the back of the shop, searching among piles of books and prints, "and his voice," says Miss Spurgeon, "coming thus somewhat muffled from the distance, gave me the most curious thrill and start, as if it were a voice from the dead. For here was a present-day Stratfordian describing to me in minute detail exactly what a Stratford man had set down in verse nearly three hundred and fifty years ago."

She alludes to the stanza (lines 1667-73) in *The Rape of Lucrece*. And the reader follows her down to the river bank and the eighteenth arch of the old bridge (built about 1490) where even in smooth water she recognized the eddy that Shakespeare must have watched. She made a sketch of the place which is an X-marks-the-spot frontis for her book.

I hope, by the way, that Miss Spurgeon knows the lovely drawing by Reginald Birch in *Master Skylark* showing the youngsters of Stratford on that same bridge.

Miss Spurgeon begins her thought-quickening study with a quotation from Virginia Woolf: "Every secret of a writer's soul, every experience of his life, every quality of his mind, is written large in his works, yet we require critics to explain the one and biographers to expound the other." She believes that a writer, and particularly a poet, unconsciously reveals his character in the "imagery" he chooses to express his thoughts (what Walt meant, I suppose, by his "eidolons"). She has made an exhaustive study of Shakespeare's metaphors, tropes, similes and figures of speech. Her results are tabulated in some fascinating graphic charts, showing not only the proportion in which Shakespeare's "images" fall into various groups, but also the contrasts between his instinctive similes and those of other contemporaries. For instance in Marlowe images drawn from books, especially the classics, outnumber all others; the next group is similes from nature, especially the celestial bodies. But in Shakespeare, nature (especially weather, plants, and gardens) is greatly in the lead. Animals, birds, insects, and the homely images of daily life, come next in frequency; similitudes based on learning, books and the classics are relatively few. The contrast between Shakespeare and Bacon in the matter of their image-making faculties is equally noticeable.

Miss Spurgeon offers some remarkably interesting suggestions in this absorbing book which many scholars will find vividly provocative; on the basis of her ten years' intensive study of Shakespeare's figures of speech she even ventures some ingenious speculations about his private tastes and qualities, going so far as to suggest his complexion, personal fastidiousness, and that he was "a handy man about the house." I do not think Miss Spurgeon would want us to take these suggestions too seriously, but they are highly agreeable to consider. And it pleases this Green to be reminded that "of all games bowls would seem to be the one he knew most intimately and played with keenest zest."




ANALYSIS OF BOWLING GREEN
*Compiled by F. R. Mansbridge, on the Spurgeon plan of "imagery."*

In her first chapter, which explains her aim and method, Miss Spurgeon says something which has been thought about by every poet and which can never be repeated too often. "I incline to believe," she writes, "that analogy—likeness between dissimilar things—which is the fact underlying the possibility of metaphor, holds within itself the very secret of the universe." This brief applause is no attempt to summarize or even comment on a brilliant work of *durchgearbeitung*. Her discussion of the dominating images in various of the plays will be of keen interest to Shakespearean students; and the colored charts make the book as lively as a game. It is one more illustration of our favorite thesis that scholarship is the greatest fun in the world.

When Mr. F. R. Mansbridge of Macmillan Company showed me an advance copy of *Shakespeare's Imagery* I was so much interested that he went home and amused himself by making a chart of the Bowling Green on the Spurgeon system. After a study of the files he produced the accompanying mindscape—which is based, you will remember, on the "images" employed, not on mere quantitative space allotted to the topics mentioned. It is about what I would have expected, except that I am puzzled that Medicinal images rank so high.

Making mind-maps of various authors

VERMONT WINTER, BY JOHN LILLIE (*see page* 14)

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might well be an excellent winter pastime. Certainly Dr. Spurgeon's book goes on our growing Christmas List.

### Paintings of Vermont

I haven't had a chance yet to see the paintings of Vermont by John Lillie, on show at Walter Grant's gallery (9 East 57 Street) until December 1st, but as a lover of that State I am eager to. The story of John Lillie's beginning as a painter was best told by another Vermonter, Zephine Humphrey, that finely sensitive writer of whose work I have seen too little in late years. From her article written some time ago for *The Outlook* I learn the facts.

John Lillie, builder, carpenter, plumber and general handy man in Dorset, Vermont, gave board and lodging at his home one summer to some young landscape painters. They filled his barn with sketches and canvases; they found their host thoughtful and particularly helpful in suggesting good views and lights for mountain studies. He had never seen an oil painting before, but one day when all the artists were off on the hillsides he got out some house paints and brushes (including an old shaving brush) and set to work on a strip of smooth board. Without saying anything about it he hung his picture beside the others in the barn.

That was John Lillie's first painting. The friendly artists immediately recognized a native talent that was greater than their own, and without attempting in any way to influence his vision helped him in the rudiments of technique. "They were very cautious about offering him counsel," says Zephine Humphrey, "and he was more than cautious about receiving it."

His painting "The Old Factory" was bought by the Metropolitan Museum in 1933.

And now these Vermont paintings are on view at the New York gallery of Walter Grant (of East Northfield, Vt.) and the catalogue begins with a poem by Walter Hard (of Manchester, Vt.) and is printed by Vrest Orton (of Weston, Vt.). I think anyone who feels himself a bit Vermontish in spirit (as I sometimes do) will want to see them.

## A Five-Inch Shelf

(*Continued from page 4*)

only this about him. Once, during his undergraduate days, he invented a cocktail and named it the I-Know-That-My-Redeemer-Liveth." If no further biographical data was vouchsafed that day, it may have been because New York finds it hard to keep track of an intermittent writer who perversely clings either to his ancestral acre in Minnesota or to the fond hideaway he has discovered on the Seine not far from Les Andelys. But from the very mood and flavor of "Viva Mexico!" you could guess it had been written by one who would always lurk in shadows and that, as for booksy teas where authors do get a chance to meet and dislike one another, he would avoid them as though they were pestilential. Of all American writers, it is hardest to imagine that one autographing his works in Macy's window.

If you have read thus far, you will have already detected in my rolling eye the gleam of the proselytizer. It is quite true that, once in a blue moon, a book comes along which begets in me an impulse to fill a wheelbarrow with copies and trundle it from house to house until everyone in our street has one. Surely such an impulse is common enough to need no dissection. There comes to my mind a time some years ago when one of the great men of our country was giving me lodging for the night. During dinner a chance phrase revealed the fact that I had never read a certain novel by Henry James. This discovery brought to the face of my host a look of distress. Later, when I had said good-night and gone upstairs, I found that the book—it was "The Princess Casamassima"—had stealthily preceded me and was eyeing me with suspended judgment from beneath the lamp on my bedside table. If I did not let this pretty attention turn my head, it was because it was so clear that it was not I but the book our host was fond of. Here, I think, was no pity for, or even interest in, my poverty. He just couldn't bear having the book feel forgotten.

True, Thackeray said of "A Christmas Carol" that it came to every man and woman who read it as a personal kind-

(*Continued on page 16*)

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## A Five-Inch Shelf

(*Continued from page* 14)

ness. But you can pass it on without the discomfiting fear of seeming to be a dear, kind soul. Probably you are acting from the purely selfish desire to keep those who make up your immediate world like-minded with yourself. One of the most exhilarating spectacles vouchsafed in the A.E.F. was the occasional meeting on a muddy road in France of two homesick doughboys from the same home town, and something of the satisfaction which was theirs is repeated whenever two people discover that they have both grown up happily in the same book. Certainly the rest of the world is forgotten when two indurated Dickensians strike hands in an English pub, and I think it is true of most of the works collected in "The Woollcott Reader" that they have it in them to create a fraternity out of those who enjoy them. I would grudgingly admit that a man might dismiss even "A Doctor of the Old School" as indifferent stuff without thereby implanting in me an unshakable conviction that he was also a secret practitioner of lycanthropy and given, in the dark of the moon, to draining the hearts of babes for the chalice of the Black Mass. But I *could* say this of him. He is one I would avoid on shipboard, and I would look for new quarters in another street if ever he took the house next to mine. Occasions might arise when I would want to strangle him. At least we would not have enough in common to make good neighbors.

Now that my collection is ready to go forth, I find that the happy zeal with which I started to assemble it is tinged with a belated uneasiness. Once I was rebuked by the president of one of our universities because, through some published endorsement of mine, he had bought at Christmas time for his presumably cloistered niece one of the more ruffianly yarns of Master Dashiell Hammett. Did I really wish it believed, asked the outraged uncle, that so coarse a work represented my taste in literature? I was happy to be able to reply that it did, indeed. And, adding that so did "Alice in Wonderland," "Emma," and "The Early Life of Charles James Fox," I left him to deplore me as incorrigibly miscellaneous. . . . Indeed, when faced with certain of the monumental works of the world's literature, I am affected as was a *cuisinière* of my acquaintance by the State of California, to which brightly pigmented commonwealth she repaired late in life to make her home. To her former mistress in the darkling and rain-drenched East, she reported her arrival by sending a florid postcard on which she had scribbled this message: "It's very beautiful here I don't like it." . . .

However, here is a five-inch shelf put into your hands by one who, having read less than some and more than most, has usually found his keenest enjoyment when striking off from the great highways. After all, there are bypaths in the realms of gold.

*Alexander Woollcott is the author of several books, the best known of which is "While Rome Burns." His new anthology, "The Woollcott Reader," will be published by the Viking Press early in December.*


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## Poems for Children

By Witter Bynner

### Turkey-Cock

He was like father, yes, he was,
His face was red as fire,
He puffed the same way father does
And tried to stand up higher.

He tried to say important things
That father tried to say.
You know how father thumps his wings
At mother every day?

### Pelican

Old Aunt Matilda was there in the Zoo.
Though they called her a pelican, everyone knew
That there couldn't be two of her, one in a cage
And the other at home with a newspaper page.

I used to run back, as fast as I could,
But somehow she got there ahead and she stood
With her nose looking down and her foot in a shoe,
Just as life-like at home as she was in the Zoo.

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# The PHŒNIX NEST

## CONTEMPORARY POETRY: BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

TWO of the major figures of our time in literature are recently gone. In *Edwin Arlington Robinson* America has, of course, lost one of her leading two male poets, and now his last poem—a long narrative—appears bearing an introduction by the only peer of his time, *Robert Frost.* It is called "King Jasper." It is published, of course, by Macmillan.

As the last work of one who had dedicated a long life to poetry and had worked more assiduously at his craft than most artists, failing now and again—never in the wielding of a style that is one of the most saliently individual of our time in literature; but sometimes in the significance of what he had to say—as the last work of such a man, this narrative seems to me of extraordinary directness and vitality. Its characters are really symbols, but they are symbols significant of our era. It seems to me that Robinson left this world in closer touch with the time spirit than he had been for some years. Zoë, the spirit of life, flees upward through the darkness. But

*Now she could rest, and she could see*
*Two fires at once that were a kingdom burning.*
*In one of them there was the king himself,*
*The prince, and their destroyer. In the other,*
*With chimneys falling on him while he burned,*
*There was a dragon dying. . . .*

He left his world of the imagination saying that; even as *Elinor Wylie* left her own world of the imagination saying

*"O grain of God in power,*
*Endure another hour!*
*It is but for an hour," said the Spirit.*

It seems to me that these are different testimonies to the same thing, that "somehow good shall be the final goal of ill." However that may be, they both strike me as oracular; as, at least, having something of pre-vision. I believe that today there is a dragon dying in the world and that the latest convulsions of the social order will be seen in the light of future history to mark his passing. Robinson's story is the story of the individual of great wealth and hence of great power, and of how he inevitably compassed his own destruction. There is much more to it than that. But that is part of it. And the spirit of life, ever a renewal of itself, is with him to the end with the greater wisdom. A renewal and a change, which persists and goes on—beyond Man's petty ambitions and spoils, even beyond his vengeance and violence.

To some the parable that is in this story, also intensely a story of human beings, may either confuse or annoy, but they cannot miss the wisdom in many passages of the blank verse which is handled not only with all of Robinson's subtle skill, but also with dramatic fire. You should get the book also for Frost's "Introduction," which is not about this particular poem but about the Robinson he knew, and has also many shrewd and pungent things said in it concerning the development of poetry. It was what Frost calls "that grazing closeness to the spiritual realities" that gave Robinson's poetry far greater depth and substance than that of most poets of our time. His style had the defects of its virtues, and for a while it grew upon him to develop too circuitous a manner of saying a simple thing. But it also enabled him to express certain genuine findings concerning human nature inimitably well.

I spoke in the beginning of "two major figures of our time in literature." By the other I meant the late *"A. E."* of Ireland. Not major as a poet, I think, but major as a man and an influence. Here are his "Selected Poems" also from Macmillan. "If I should be remembered," he said, "I would like it to be for the verses in this book." The volume was planned shortly before his death last July. One has only to read his poem "Resurrection" to find his kinship with Blake. But his poetry was more vaporous; though I think some few of his poems may be read for years to come—the beautiful "Memory of Earth," for instance, beginning,

*In the wet dusk silver sweet,*
*Down the violet scented ways,*
*As I moved with quiet feet*
*I was met by mighty days.*

A mystical music was his, and a love of Earth, and a love of mankind. And Ireland knows how much her poets owe to him.

The best book on poetry recently published is "This Modern Poetry," by *Babette Deutsch,* with an excellent bibliography and a good index. I recommend this book to all those who wish to know just what influences are contemporary and just how the modern attitude of poets toward poetry differs from the old. Miss Deutsch takes us back as well as forward, discusses tradition and the Imagists, and brings us down inevitably to Spender and Auden and Day Lewis. Her judgments are for the most part sound. Her book is published by W. W. Norton; and you ought to get with it *Elizabeth Drew's* "Discovering Poetry."

### SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 85)

OGDEN NASH—"I'LL HUSH IF YOU'LL HUSH"

Do you sometimes wonder which is worse,
Verce for voice, or voise for verse? . . .
Why what about the radio?
The affected, oily tongues that drip
With spurious good-fellowship,
That flood your parlor with a spasm
Of cultured sales enthusiasm?

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# THE Dissolute Years

## A PAGEANT OF STUART ENGLAND

## by EDUARD STUCKEN

*Author of THE GREAT WHITE GODS*

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The novel is divided into three sections, the titles of which are: 1. *Lechery* 2. *Illegitimacy* 3. *Heritage.* The translation is by *Marguerite Harrison.* 375 pages, $2.50.

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# The Clearing House

CONDUCTED BY AMY LOVEMAN

*Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.*

**A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING**

MY SHADOW AS I PASS. By Sybil Bolitho. *Viking.*

POOR SPLENDID WINGS. By Frances Winwar. *Little, Brown.*

COLLECTED POEMS. By Robert Frost. *Holt.*

## A Reading List for the Young

M. E. M. of Philadelphia, Pa., *is struggling to make a not impossible list of modern literature (say from 1900) for a group of young people. She wants it to "have breadth as well as depth of vision, and asks for about twenty-five titles in various fields which would give these young folk a modern background for present-day reading."*

I'M drawing up a list in rather hit or miss fashion, I am afraid, since I can't from M. E. M.'s letter gauge the age of her readers with any certainty. I take it for granted that they are ready for completely adult if perhaps not sophisticated reading, and have selected books that would seem in a way to reflect the temper and drift of contemporary society. I have included among them works written outside America as well a greater number, perhaps, of home origin. The titles represent merely one selection that in no way pretends to be better than a number of others that might be made. Since nothing is more revealing of the background and outlook of a period than the autobiography which springs from it, I start with a group of volumes which, as it happens, reflect the experiences of foreigners who have either become Americans or lived in America—Michael Pupin's FROM IMMIGRANT TO INVENTOR (Scribners), Mary Antin's THE PROMISED LAND (Houghton Mifflin), and Etsu Sugimoto's A DAUGHTER OF THE SAMURAI (Doubleday, Doran). These, it seems to me, are interesting not only as life stories but in the light they cast on an alien society as it appeared to intelligent observers. To this group, as representing a reverse process, that is, the appearance his own land wore to one who had long been separated from it, might be added Louis Adamic's THE NATIVE'S RETURN (Harpers). Biography of another sort is represented by two books which should find eager readers among the young, Lawrence's REVOLT IN THE DESERT (Doubleday, Doran) and Paul de Kruif's MICROBE HUNTERS (Harcourt, Brace). Passing from biography to fiction there is a list of novels all of which have a common base, varied though they are, in that they are indicative of the temper of society and the forces which at their various times of appearance were holding front place in public interest. These include H. G. Wells's MR. BRITLING SEES IT THROUGH (Macmillan), Galsworthy's THE FORSYTE SAGA (Scribners), Booth Tarkington's ALICE ADAMS (Doubleday, Doran), Du Bose Heyward's PORGY (Doubleday, Doran), Sinclair Lewis's BABBITT (Harcourt, Brace) and his just issued IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE (Doubleday, Doran), a book which it seems to me it would be well if every young American could read, Thomas Boyd's ROLL RIVER (Putnams), Robert Nathan's ONE MORE SPRING (Knopf), Edna Ferber's SO BIG (Doubleday, Doran), Ellen Glasgow's THE SHELTERED LIFE (Doubleday, Doran) and BARREN GROUND, Willa Cather's MY ANTONIA (Houghton Mifflin), and Louis Bromfield's THE FARM (Harpers). This, as I said before, is but a single selection from the books of the last twenty years from which other groups might be chosen, but I think it represents reading which in itself should be interesting and which reflects much of the background of thought and feeling of recent years. There's one book which if read by youth might serve as a springboard to determined action, and that is Vera Brittain's TESTAMENT OF YOUTH (Macmillan), a chronicle of the war years which more forcefully and movingly than a dozen prepared peace pleas makes cause against battle. To the foregoing books it would be well, too, to add Louis Untermeyer's MODERN AMERICAN POETRY and MODERN ENGLISH POETRY (Harcourt, Brace), for in the verse of contemporary times as much as in its prose resides the spirit of peoples. And Mr. Untermeyer, skilled anthologist that he is, has here skimmed the cream from recent poetical achievement.

## Story Parade

This particular issue of *The Saturday Review* which devotes considerable space to juvenile literature seems the fitting one in which to make mention of a new monthly to be edited for children. *Story Parade,* as it is to be called, is to contain stories of contemporary life both in this country and in foreign lands, reprints from foreign literature as well as from English, verse, illustrations, plays, book reviews, and writings by children themselves. An advisory board has been established, and the magazine, installed at 70 Fifth Avenue, is to issue its first number on the fifteenth of December.

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# The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

| *Title and Author* | *Crime, Place, Sleuth* | *Summing Up* | *Verdict* |
|---|---|---|---|
| DEATH ON THE BRIDGE *Royce Howes* (Crime Club: $2.) | Tramp steamer, modern hell-ship, suffers sanguinary losses of various officers—and then up pops a G-man. | Multitudinous seas are so encarnadined that gore almost swamps the story. There's "pungent" love-interest. | *Blutwurst* |
| THE SCARECROW RIDES *Russell Thorndyke* (Dial Press: $2.) | Dr. Syn, pirate turned clergyman, helps honest Romney Marsh smugglers and thwarts numerous villains in tale of 1770's. | Follows not unfamiliar pattern (*vide* J. Farnol) but has movement, romance, gawdy verbiage, and unremitting action. | Good of its kind |
| THE BAT FLYS LOW *Sax Rohmer* (Crime Club: $2.) | Secret of marvellous light known only to ancient Egyptian leads American to adventures in Nile valley—and cataclysm at home. | Incredible made plausible in expert Rohmeresque with much spooky Egyptian stuff and customary super-lovely gals. | Guaranteed thriller |

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BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE present abundance of fiction for adults is a phenomenon of the age. But a large army of writers is also producing juvenile fiction. The following rapid survey serves to illustrate its variety. The growing girl of today enlists the attention of many thoroughly competent writers and the boy of today has a wealth of stories from which to choose. For their smaller brothers and sisters there are many delightful books of all kinds, some of which are mentioned in this article.

## Attention, Young Ladies!

There are varied settings for the stories for girls of from ten to sixteen, the Kentucky hills, the Ozarks, Colorado, on the road with gypsies into Illinois, New Jersey, Czechoslovakia, and even Japan. To begin with: Christine Noble Govan, who is Mrs. Ben Lucien Burman. She has the recommendation of no less an adult author than Gladys Hasty Carroll, and her new book "Five at Ashefield" (Houghton Mifflin, $2) will appeal to the young of both sexes. It tells what adventures four orphan children found on their Aunt's farm in the foothills of the Appalachians. There they discover a real home and friends, and happiness after a good many doubts and fears. The book becomes distinctly a "family" story. The illustrations are of a pleasant kind. Choice between two other Houghton Mifflin books will depend upon whether you are an Easterner or are more interested in the West. Of the two I myself found Theodora DuBois's story of lively young Diana Froster, at the Eastern boarding-school of Clumber Hall, both original, amusing, and distinctly up-to-date. It is called "Diana's Feathers" ($2). Here is a girl in an American school whose mother is in England and who has spent her childhood in India. She possesses an effervescent imagination and the courage of her convictions. The contrasted girl who is enamoured of the Moving Pictures is a freshly-imagined, convincing character.

"Penny for Luck," by Florence Crannell Means, from the same publisher, is the story of Penny Adams who runs away from an orphanage, and finds with a family from Denver a delightful location in a deserted Colorado mining town. The large marginless illustrations to the book, by Paul Quinn, deserve special mention, as they are both ambitious and artistic. Penny is a child of nature, with both grit and wit. And Lona Allen of Kentucky is just such another—and also an orphan (orphans seem to be favorites this year!) is "Lona of Hollybush Creek" (Little, Brown, $2). Genevieve Fox, Lona's creator, has given us other stories of the mountain girl, Sairy Ann Hall, who adopted Lona. Forrest Orr's illustrations seem to me to get the atmosphere of the Kentucky mountains as does Miss Fox's narrative. Naturally in the stories both about Penny and about Lona you run into dialect. And a Kentucky mountain story wouldn't be a good one if some of the hill ballads didn't enter into it! The Ozark Mountains in Missouri are rather similar.

Alfred A. Knopf publishes Nancy Nance's account of eight girl scouts who camped there one summer ("Girl Scouts in the Ozarks": $1.75). And in the chapter on Dewey's Cabin you run into a real mountain dance with such shouting from the "caller" as

*Up th' river an' round th' bend*
*Right hands up an a-goin' ag'in!*
*Pig in th' pen, an' a four rails high,*
*Feed that pig or else he'll die!*

Yes, there is frolic on the mountain, a yarb-doctor, and, most exciting of all, a Spanish treasure cave. You also learn a lot about the "victuals" of that region. This is a good story for girls who are fond of the open.

I should select "Chiyo's Return" and "The House of Many Tongues" as the most important of the remaining books for girls. The former, because here is the daughter of that delightful Madame Etsu Sugimoto, author of "A Daughter of the Samurai," writing of her reacquaintance with her native land after an absence in America of ten school years. High school girls will gain from it a first-rate knowledge of just what Japan is like today. It is excellently illustrated by Bunji Tagawa (Doubleday, Doran, $2). Naturally the daughter of so literary a mother writes well, and is unusually well qualified to act as an interpreter of Japan to the country in which she was educated. Her name, by the way, is Chiyono Sugimoto Kiyooka. Fjeril Hess has before this written of Prague. His new book, "The House of Many Tongues" (Macmillan, $2) tells of how young American Lynn Garrow takes on important responsibilities in Czechoslovakia, and finally an active part in the building of a great student centre. You met Lynn before, if you read "The Mounted Falcon." Active and intelligent girls who wish to enlarge their horizons, and be of real use in the large but closely-knit world of today, will find real inspiration in this story. It is placed just subsequent to the late World War and, on Lynn's part, is a fine example of self-reliance.

Chesley Kahmann certainly knows American gypsies, and his "Tara, Daughter of the Gypsies" (Smith & Haas, $2) is illustrated by a genuine artist, F. Luis Mora. Travel with the gypsies, young ladies, and see quite a slice of the United States through their eyes! Or, if you prefer a sure-fire girls' book with a nice clipper-ship-era mystery in it, though in

(*Continued on page 24*)

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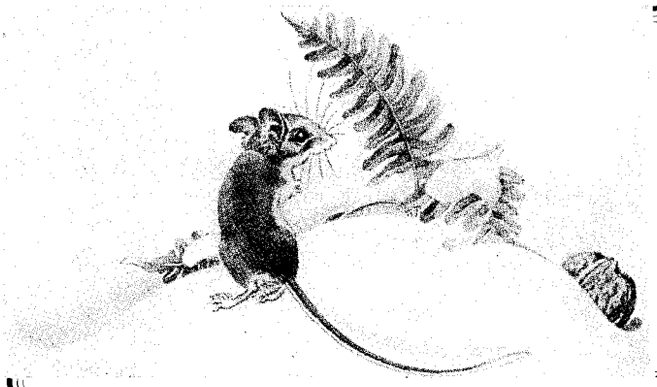

# BOOK NEWS
## —for—
# Young Readers

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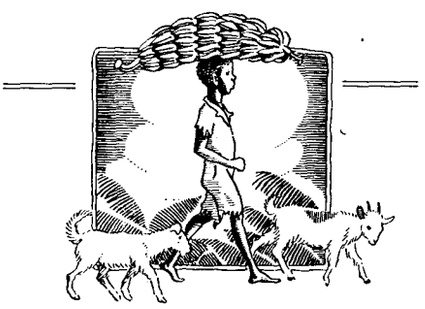

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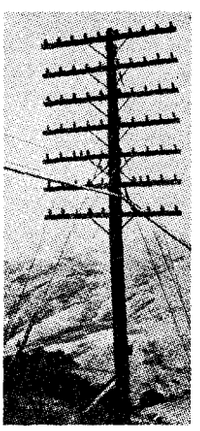

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## The Children's Bookshop

(*Continued from page 22*)

an entirely contemporary setting, try the latest by an author with thirty girls' books to her credit, "The Figurehead of the *Folly*," by Augusta Huiell Seaman (Doubleday, Doran, $1.75). Or, again, if you would like a pleasant excursion into the past—into the Gay Nineties, in fact—acquaint yourself with a most human Southern girl in a very good picture of that period, "Patsy's Progress," by Rose B. Knox (Dodd, Mead, $2).

### Careers and Adventure for Boys

And now let me turn to the brothers of the family! In the first place—Indians! There's "Injuns Comin'!," for the younger boys, a story of a Vermont family in the Minnesota of eighty years ago—about the real Bullis family, written by Franklin H. Bullis in collaboration with M. Winston Pearson, and illustrated by Peter Hurd (Scribners, $2). Take a look at the redskin visage rising through the trap-door on page 85, and you'll be into the book before you know it. Ralph Hubbard's "The Wolf Song" (Doubleday, Doran, $2) is also a junior book, by the son of Elbert Hubbard, who seems to know a lot about the Kiowas. It traces the wanderings of a homeless Indian family guided by a wolf's cry. "Indian Brother," for boys slightly older, is founded on fact. Many parts of the story appeared in *The Open Road for Boys*. The period is early eighteenth century. This is a beautiful book (Harcourt, Brace, $2) with its excellent illustrations by Henry C. Pitz. If you had been Sam Hilton, and your sister Martha had been kidnapped by the Indians, and you yourself had been taken captive to work for them as a slave, you would have blessed, after rescuing him, your meeting with one who was to become your true Indian brother. Finally, to find your twin sister, Martha, again, after stirring adventures; to escape with her, and finally to come back to Brunswick, both safe and sound—all this, told in the first person, makes a thrilling story. And the author, Hubert V. Coryell, tells you interesting things about his book in his Postscript. He found that such Hiltons as he wrote about were practically his own ancestors! This is an honest story, founded on real research, and exciting from beginning to end.

Among the boys' books dealing with a career, one is by Donal Hamilton Haines, whom boys know well for his stories of Hillton Academy. Here he takes a rich boy, somewhat of a snob, upon his leaving that same Middlewestern preparatory school. The story, "Sporting Chance" (Farrar & Rinehart, $1.75), brings to mind the story of Kirk Munro's "Rick Dale" and Kipling's Harvey Cheyne of "Captains Courageous." In other words, through George's father suddenly dying bankrupt, you have a boy, who thought he was superior through the power of money, thrown on his own resources, and finally making a man of himself after starting as a character both disagreeable and pitiable. William Heyliger, a very popular writer for boys, now, in "Steve Merrill, Engineer" (Appleton - Century, $2) places his boy-hero in the electrical industry. This is a business story laid in a modern factory, with the emphasis upon fair play. And "Bob Gordon, Cub Reporter," by Graham M. Dean, a real newspaperman (Doubleday, Doran, $2), takes you headlong into the rush and competition of modern journalism. You will learn a lot of its inside workings. For smaller fry, there is the story of an Indiana boy in a village of sixty years ago, who began a chosen career at the age of ten. It is called "The Boy Who Had No Birthday," by Mabel Leigh Hunt (Stokes, $1.75). Another of those orphans cropping up—but this time a very Tomsawyerish one! There's a lot of charm and laughter in this simple story.

Two other categories are adventure, and mystery; and they dovetail into each other. For adventure, I suppose one thinks of the sea as quickly as anything. Take your choice then of "Wind in the Rigging," "Lubber's Luck," "Harpoon," or "The Nub!" The first-named is by Howard Pease (Doubleday, Doran, $2), who has written many sea stories popular with boys. In fact I was quite enthusiastic about his yarn of "The Ship Without a Crew," founded on the story of the *Mary Celeste*. "Wind in the Rigging" takes you with Tod Moran to Morocco. Moran is a Third Mate, and the minute he sets foot on the tramp steamer *Sumatra* things begin to happen. The author himself has served as fireman and in the engine room aboard such ships, and he knows all about them. Also he's got a plot based on an actual case in the files of the Department of Justice, that takes you down the African coast to Agadir.

Girls also will enjoy "Lubber's Luck" (Little, Brown, $2), in which Edith Ballinger Price sends Rod Granger overseas on the *Miraflores*, bound for Antwerp. If it's Antwerp, there are sure to be jewel thieves connected with the story. And it's no fun to be shanghaied! This same publishing house also introduces to you a youngster of ten, known as "The Nub," in the story of that title by Robb White III. He hides on a schooner at a wharf of St. Augustine, Florida, and wakes to find himself aboard the *Pirate Gold* heading for the Caribbean. Fortunately the big negro cook befriends him; but they're a villainous crew! The interesting thing about the illustrations to this book is that they're by Andrew, the son of the famous illustrator, N. C. Wyeth. I'll say no more, save that there's a fight aboard ship and a tropical hurricane, among other incidents. Or a-whaling shall we go? In "Harpoon," by Foster Rhea Dulles (Houghton Mifflin, $2), you get a whole whaling voyage, strikingly illustrated by Clifford W. Ashley. You find Japan and the Fiji Islands among your landfalls, and you learn how to scrimshaw and use a cutting-in spade. So enter with David Worth, in 1846, the tavern of the Crossed Harpoons in New Bedford, and sign up with Captain Obadiah Hunter on the *Sea Turtle!* Otherwise, I don't have to introduce you to Commander Edward Ellsberg, author of the famous "On the Bottom." You can specialize in deep-sea diving in his new "Ocean Gold" (Dodd, Mead, $2). And you can be sure that the man who raised the Submarine S-51 will give you an entirely truthful, though sometimes almost incredible, story.

Three other adventure books I can just mention here: an unusual story of Pal-

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estine called "Adventuring in Palestine," by Marion Rubinstein (Alfred A. Knopf, $2), up-to-the-minute and illustrated by remarkable photographs; "The Lost Caravan," by Waldo Fleming, a story of the Sahara Desert for older boys (Doubleday, Doran, $2), and "The Snake God's Treasure," by Laurence Lee (Robert M. McBride, $1.75), dealing with young people of today who encounter the ancient mysteries of the Aztecs.

### Mysteries

So we come to mystery: "The Cave Mystery," "Tory House Mystery," "Mystery at Three Chimneys," and so on. The first strikes me as the best of these mystery books. It concerns two Spanish boys investigating caves in the Basque Pyrenees. It is notable both for originality of setting, authenticity, and fine book-making. It's by S. S. Smith, which is the pseudonym of a well-known novelist (Harcourt, Brace, $2). This author has other mysteries, of Finland and Sardinia, to his credit. The Three Chimneys are in a Cornish cove and the author is Gunby Hadath (Stokes, $1.75). A fine yarn for boys. Joan Gower in "Tory House" (Smith & Haas, $1.50), in a short mystery of the Maine shore, will interest girls. Josephine Daskam Bacon also has a new mystery for them, "The Room on the Roof" (Appleton-Century, $2). She is always mistress of ingenious plots, and her girls are as real as can be. A third for the young ladies is "The Whistling Snake," by Elizabeth Morse (Dutton, $2). Miss Morse, as they know, specializes on Siam. And both boys and girls will like "Low Bridge," by Jane Abbott (Lippincott, $2), laid in the palmy days of the old Erie Canal, the period of Walter Edmonds's adult novel, "Rome Haul," out of which Marc Connelly made a fine play. In more wild surroundings are laid a mystery-adventure of the contemporary West, "Boss of the Ragged O," by Norma Bicknell Mansfield (Farrar & Rinehart, $1.75), and Maribelle Cormack's mystery of the Hudson Bay country, "Runner of the Trail" (Appleton-Century, $2).

### For Younger Children

Four books for the smaller fry come from Macmillan. Elizabeth Coatsworth's "The Golden Horseshoe," a story of colonial Virginia, is a joy. Dorothy Parsons Lathrop's marvellous illustrations make "Who Goes There?", her own story of winter chipmunks and squirrels, a delight. The Haders, Berta and Elmer, have done a beautiful illustrated story of "Jamaica Johnny," one of the most charming and exciting of the "Hader Books." And when one has a combination like Padraic Colum and Elizabeth MacKinstry to write and illustrate "The Legend of Saint Columba," you are sure of a myth for children that everyone will cherish, young or old!

One of the best books, for perfect marriage of text and pictures and originality yet naturalness of story is "Honk: The Moose," by Phil Stong, with pictures by Kurt Wiese (Dodd, Mead, $2). This is for boys and girls from seven to ten. The locale is a small Minnesota town in winter. You all know how well Phil Stong can

(*Continued on page 27*)

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# The New Books

## Fiction

*THE WEDDING. By Denis Mackail. Doubleday, Doran.* 1935. $2.50.

Most of us lose our heads at a wedding, whether we are the main actors, relatives, or merely guests. There never seems to be time between handshakes and smiles and trying to get something to eat, to appreciate the significance of our own or anyone else's actions. But Mr. Mackail has obviously attended many weddings, and noted all the details of all of them, for in this novel the sensations, thoughts, and actions of the bride and groom, the various in-laws, the best man, the butlers, the guests are described with accuracy and appreciation from early in the morning until the final waving from the departing car. All are drawn with affectionate irony and complete verisimilitude.

This particular wedding is held in London; there is nothing remarkable about the romance that caused it or the people that attend it. It is the universal large wedding, a pathetic, comic, human, formalized institution. Anyone who has a function to perform in connection with such a ceremony should read "The Wedding" for the humor and balance necessary to carry him through the difficult day.

M. P.

## Juvenile

*SLOVENLY PETER (Der Struwwelpeter), translated by Mark Twain. Illustrated in color, adapted from the original drawings by Dr. Heinrich Hoffmann. Harpers.* 1935. $1.50.

It was a happy thought to put famous old Struwwelpeter (Slovenly Peter) back into circulation, and especially in this now first-printed version by Mark Twain. Every reader whose childhood was touched by German folklore remembers the grand old book by Dr. Heinrich Hoffmann (originally published in 1847) with its delightful bold drawings of Shock-headed Peter, of the boy who wouldn't eat his soup, the little girl who played with matches in spite of the cats' warnings—and was reduced to two slippers and a heap of ashes. No one who goggled upon those moral fables in youth has ever forgotten them.

How good to learn, then, from Clara Clemens Gabrilowitsch, that Mark Twain's children were also duly introduced to the grand old book when they were living in Germany in 1891. Times were hard, she tells us, the Clemenses were economizing in a rather gloomy apartment in Berlin, and this rough-and-ready translation was Mark Twain's Christmas present to his three little girls.

Mark's translation has the gay insouciance one would expect. When a rhyme came hard he did not hesitate to cast grammar overboard; but jocularly warning his young readers (in footnotes) never to do so themselves. The book was first written by Dr. Hoffmann, a physician, to amuse children who had to wait in his office without suitable reading matter, and Mark Twain also took up his translation in the same jocund spirit. The publishers have had the well-loved illustrations redrawn from the first edition; and satisfactorily on the whole. But it seems odd that they should not have reproduced the originals exactly, for they are sacrosanct to the real devotee. Here and there an old lover finds something to startle him: for instance, surely in the picture where the dog is eating the soup he should have a napkin tied round his neck?

But we are moved and grateful to meet Peter and the others once more, in this unique little edition.

C. M.

## Miscellaneous

*AMERICAN BIG GAME FISHING. By several authors. New York: The Derrydale Press.* 1935. $25.

In this volume various well known big game anglers have each written a chapter on some game fish or fishing waters particularly familiar to them. They would share their pleasures, which are not without a spirit of rivalry, as also their data of mutual interest, and gain new recruits for the sport. Compilations of known and pertinent facts about the several fishes discussed have been made with great seriousness. There is much about fishing gear and fishing methods of interest only to fishermen, but mixed with it are observations, opinions, and photographs of interest to the naturalist, and passages to be picked out which will charm the general reader. This is a handsome book, beautifully illustrated, and a pleasure to have on one's table to browse over or refer to.

J. T. N.

*FOUR HEDGES: A Gardener's Chronicle. Written and Engraved by Clare Leighton. Macmillan.* 1935. $3.

This book is on the familiar plan of "The Gardener's Year," from April to March, with all the pleasurable work tucked in the various seasons. It is given distinction of course, real distinction, by Clare Leighton's engravings. Her admirable illustrations of Hardy will be remembered. Her vigorous style with its virile blacks and powerful shading is well adapted to the representation of anything in nature, whether such orchard and planting scenes as one finds in this book or the many plant, and bird, and garden vignettes with which it is ornamented. But Miss Leighton's writing should not be neglected. The story of making a garden out of the rude chalk of the Chiltern Hills "exposed to every wind that blows," is told with freshness and a joy in labor and a richness of concrete detail of incident. It takes this book entirely out of the class of the stereotyped garden manual full of good advice but lacking anything else. There is probably nothing new for the gardener, but there is a renewed experience of a sensitive mind that is happiest in a garden. We should like the book without its pictures, but its pictures make it really memorable.

H. S. C.

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## The Children's Bookshop

(*Continued from page 25*)

write, and the moose of Mr. Wiese's illustrations is no less than superb. Don't miss this. The same publishers have a book for older children about the famous poet of our Revolution, Philip Freneau. It is written by Emma Gelders Sterne, the author of a number of successful books for young people, and is called "Drums of Monmouth." As a matter of fact many adults also will enjoy this vivid historical novel.

Of course one of the gems of the season is the latest Babar book, and another (these are both for the small fry) is the new Johnny Crow picture book by the famous Leslie Brooke. To take up Babar first, the latest about this extraordinary elephant is entitled "Babar the King" (Smith & Haas, $3). Merle Haas has again done the translation of the text, and the pictures are as gorgeous as ever. The French author of the immortal saga of Babar is, of course, Jean de Brunhoff, and the Babar books (this is the third that Smith & Haas have published) have become contemporary classics. As for Johnny Crow, Leslie Brooke, now seventy-three, a famous English illustrator, brought "Johnny Crow's Garden" into being over thirty years ago, followed it in 1907 (the year I graduated from college) by "Johnny Crow's Party," and now, recently, on his birthday "Johnny Crow's New Garden" (New York: Frederick Warne, $1.50) claims his audience. Even as a college graduate I remember I took to the drawings of Leslie Brooke; and though the slight thread of rhyme is distinctly for "tots," it is still so amusing, and the light-footed animals so delicious, that no adult need be ashamed of a taste for Johnny Crow. Brooke belongs with Caldecott and Walter Crane, Lewis Carroll and Lear.

I shall have to be briefer about other books, profuse with pictures, for children under seven. From Farrar & Rinehart there is "A Little Lamb" by Heden and Alf Evers (75 cents) telling what happened to Mary's famous companion when the teacher turned him out of school. Most diverting. "Luck of the Roll and Go," by Ruth and Latrobe Carroll (Macmillan, $1.50), is a good little book for children slightly older, about a seafaring cat who actually flew in an airplane over the South Pole! The Carrolls in combination are good juvenile writer and illustrator. Lois Maloy's "Arabella" (Scribner's, $1.50) develops the pleasing idea of Judy and John taking a merry-go-round horse right off its merry-go-round and showing it the sights of the fair. I once knew a young lady who had a white china elephant named Arabella, but that is a good name for a merry-go-round horse too!

Many books, I see will have to go over till next time, but there is one for the very young that I do wish especially to recommend. It is called "Bobo Dee," and comes from the Oxford University Press ($1.25). It is written by *Lionel Reid* and illustrated by *R. Denison*, in one of the most faultless collaborations in the history of children's books. While brief it is extremely clever and gay in three colors. I can't tell you more about it, but it is really a gem of its kind!

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## On Printing History

*EARLY PRINTING IN COLORADO. By Douglas C. McMurtrie and Albert H. Allen. Denver: Hirschfield.* 1935.

THIS new volume is a substantial addition to Mr. McMurtrie's monographs on the history of printing in America. As we have pointed out before, while the contribution of most of the states to typographic history is relatively insignificant, such works as this are invaluable to the future compilation of the complete history. Colorado was at first but a sort of no man's land between the Territory of Kansas and the Territory of Utah: it was admitted into the Union in 1876.

Seven years before that two rival printers set up shop in Cherry Creek (now Denver), but the *Rocky Mountain News* beat its rival by about twenty minutes and became the first Colorado imprint. It was a creditable sheet, especially when one considers the difficulty of transporting printing material to such regions. Thereafter the press of Colorado printed the usual issues, chiefly newspapers and territorial and state laws, proclamations, and the useful miscellany needed by an active mining community. Such printed documents are at least as interesting as the interminable procession of sermons which kept the press of earlier states busy so much of the time.

One half of the volume is devoted to a running account of the early printers up to 1876, the date with which the work ends. There then follows a Bibliography of Early Colorado Imprints, and A Record of Early Colorado Newspapers. The first of these lists was issued in preliminary form in 1932 as a "Preliminary Check List of Colorado Imprints," and has the benefit of revision and amplification. They form the only lists of any consequence of the subject, and are in Mr. McMurtrie's usual careful style.

Numerous illustrations of title-pages and newspapers are provided, as well as a full index. The book has been printed by the A. B. Hirschfeld press of Denver in a convenient octavo format.

*THE BEGINNINGS OF PRINTING IN VIRGINIA. By Douglas C. McMurtrie. Lexington, Va.* 1935. $2.

The history of printing in Virginia, unlike Colorado, is not only of more interest but has been much more written about. Wroth's badly printed monograph on William Parks is the leading authority, while numerous bibliographies and short accounts provide a fair substitute temporarily for a complete story.

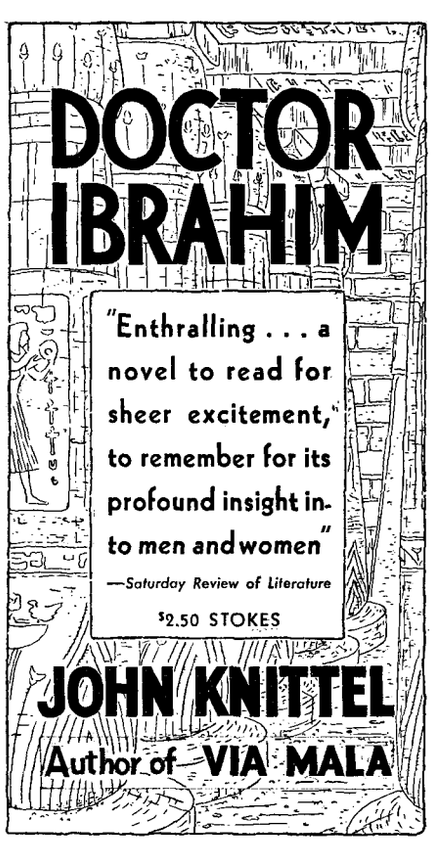
The present pamphlet of some fifty-six pages, with reproductions of three early pages (all showing considerable typographic style), is a brief but readable summary of the essential facts about early Virginia printing, prepared for the Fourteenth Annual Conference on Printing Education which met in Boston this summer. It has been linotyped by Mr. C. Harold Lauck of the Lee School of Journalism at the Washington and Lee University, who has done a good job.

*EARLY PRINTING IN CANADA. By Marie Tremaine. Toronto.* 1934.

Miss Tremaine, a Carnegie Fellow at the University of London, has written a brief account of printing in Canada, where it was introduced at Louisburg by Bartholomew Green, Jr., of Boston. The earliest printing in Quebec was in the form of *mandements* of Bishop Pontbriand (so stated by McMurtrie: Miss Tremaine throws some doubt on this, but her evidence is not very detailed), and they were apparently printed on a press given by Louis XV—whose interest in printing was begun when he used a press as a child. This monograph is rather more an excursion in typography, as it is set in elaborate but tricky form.

## Final Note on the Oxford Bible

Some confusion has resulted from announcements here and in other American journals of the price and distribution of the New Oxford Bible. Mr. Duschnes has been entrusted by Mr. Rogers with the distribution of his personal share of the edition, the bulk of which is being distributed by the Oxford University Press at the price of $265.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## Mark Twain Letters

(*Continued from page 9*)

Italian general-utility-man). Our two old-time Italian servants will arrive from New York at 5 this afternoon. The man is a good cook and his wife is expert in chamber-work. We shall get some natives from the farm houses in a few days, and bother no more with city servants. Meantime we are quite comfortable and perfectly satisfied. Tomorrow——will arrive with the captain of one of the great Cunard liners and his body-servant for over Sunday; and also my daughter Clara will arrive with her aunt.——and——and I will dress up in aprons and gorgeous Chinese jackets and east-Indian turbans and wait on the table and have lots of fun; and if we could only have you here in your dainty blue costume to pass the cocktails around in the library the whole scheme would be just perfect! I wish we had you, you little witch!

*Friday, Oct.* 9. I have a lovely letter from your mother this morning, and I gather from it that one of these days you are going to invite me again to visit the school. That is very pleasant, dear heart, I shall be sure to accept.

Do you like romances? Very well, here is one. About next Tuesday or Wednesday a Missouri sweetheart of mine is coming here from Missouri to visit me—the very first sweetheart I ever had. It was 68 years ago. She was 5 years old, and I the same. I had an apple, and fell in love with her and gave her the core. I remember it perfectly well and exactly the place where it happened, and what kind of a day it was. She figures in "Tom Sawyer" as "Becky Thatcher." Or maybe in "Huck Finn"—anyway it's in one of those books. She is bringing one of her granddaughters with her—a grown-up young lady, I guess.

It is noon, now. I think I will get up. There is no hurry about finishing this letter: I will mail this much of it today, and then go on with it a paragraph per day till I get it done some time or other. You are busy and I mustn't tax you: but whenever you've got any love for me, save it up till there's enough of it to fill a few lines, then find a chance when you've a minute or two to spare, and send it along.

Distributed along through this letter I'm sending you *my* love—not all of it, but such of it as I've found room for.

S. L. C. (Curator.)

## The Mysterious Paragraph

SIR:—Your correspondent, Mr. Foote, is in error in stating that "The Mysterious Stranger" did not appear until 1922. It was serialized in *Harper's Magazine* during 1916, and came out in book form in time for the Christmas trade. . . . I judge it must have been about this time that Mr. Foote found his quotation, wrongly accredited, in a San Francisco paper. The mistake is not wonderful. The passage reads as if it were taken from "The Mysterious Stranger." In fact I always thought of it myself as "Mysterious Stranger" material until I had occasion to look it up again recently for the purpose of quoting it in my "Mark Twain: The Man and His Work."

EDWARD WAGENKNECHT.

Seattle, Wash.

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For more than twenty-four years, tens of thousands of New Yorkers have begun the day by reading F. P. A.'s celebrated and unduplicable column. Now *The Inner Sanctum* publishes for them (including itself) *The Diary of Our Own Samuel Pepys* (1911-1935) by FRANKLIN P. ADAMS.

Individually and collectively, man and boy, your correspondents have been reading F. P. A.'s *Diary* since the pre-war days when HARRY THAW was the big shot of the hour, EVA TANGUAY was all the rage, and a woman's ankle was considered away uptown.

On June 9, 1911, with no thought that he was doing anything that would echo down the corridors of time, F. P. A. started a diary in *The Evening Mail*. It has now run for a quarter of a century in its original form. It totals more than two million words—elegant words, too. For the purpose of making it possible to publish in book form, F. P. A. has condensed it to about one-tenth of its original size. At that, it makes a two-volume set.

To indicate the scope of the diary, *The Inner Sanctum* needs only mention that *the index alone* covers forty pages of six point type, three columns to a page. It includes five thousand names and twenty thousand references.

But the most important fact about this imposing two-volume diary is not its range but its flavor. The inspired diarist must be an exacting and sensitive recorder of events and critic of people, and in this sense, our own SAMUEL PEPYS is not unworthy of his model and namesake of the British Admiralty.

For years, your correspondents have been urging F. P. A. to make a book of his vast accumulation of diaries. For years, he rejected the idea, but finally, hallelujah, he could no longer withstand the appeals and entreaties of SINCLAIR LEWIS, EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY, EDNA FERBER and other contribs and comrades, who appointed themselves surrogates for posterity. . . . And so a unique and notable and enthralling book is now born, to the intense delight of F. P. A.'s fellow-columnists (at advertising rates) and unrepentant devotees.

F. P. A.
*today*

—ESSANDESS.

# Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

ONE of the best writers on culinariana is Stuart Menzies who wrote *Let's Forget Business: The Commentaries of Fortnum & Mason* (A. & C. Black, London, 1930). We often chuckle over his undergraduate who "wanted to be manly, like Father, who dug out badgers with his teeth." ☞Clarence Day would enjoy that book. ☞Harry Hansen (in preface to the *O. Henry Memorial Prize Stories of 1935*) quotes the London *New Statesman* on "the superb variety of the American scene. Life in England is thin and dull. English writers squash caterpillars and moon about the rectory cabbages."

☞*Barnacles from Many Bottoms* was the title of the souvenir volume prepared by the Typophiles for their recent dinner in honor of the Typothete Maximus, Mr. Bruce Rogers. Each place-card was adorned with a genuine barnacle, decrusted from some of South Brooklyn's saline arrears by the ingenious linotyper **Paul Bennett.** ☞It's interesting to recall that Bruce Rogers was a student at Purdue along with George Ade, Booth Tarkington, John McCutcheon. ☞A very special suggestion for the bluestocking's Christmas: the new enlarged edition of John T. Winterich's *Primer of Book Collecting* (Greenberg, $2.50). ☞Irvin Haas has compiled a bibliography of *Modern American Presses,* viz. "private" presses. He lists 45 with annotations of their issues. ☞The most unusual imprint is that of the *Blue Behinded Ape* (a quote from R.L.S., we believe). This name is used by Mr. and Mrs. Beilenson of New Rochelle, N. Y., for books they think a little too oblique for their *Peter Pauper* imprint. ☞Haas's bibliography is issued by the Black Cat Press, 4940 Winthrop Avenue, Chicago.

☞The most unusual Publication Day surprise was on November 7, when Franklin P. Adams, diarist of *Our Own Samuel Pepys*, opened his *Herald Tribune* that morning. The column he had written for that day had been omitted and instead appeared a "Conning Tower" put together by various hands who had contributed during the past twenty years or so.

☞The constitutionality of the Feld-Crawford Act (see Trade Winds, Nov. 2 and 9) is to be tested in an action brought last week by Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., and Doubleday, Doran Book Shops, Inc. They have applied in Supreme Court (New York State) for an injunction to restrain R. H. Macy & Co. from selling certain books at prices lower than those provided in Feld-Crawford contracts. Counsel on both sides announce that they will carry the case to the United States Supreme Court for a final ruling.

☞Quercus is getting a kick out of the early returns from the Saturday Review readers' ballot (*Write Your Own Ticket,* Nov. 2) and looks for surprises in the final results. Don't feel that you have to vote on everything listed if you don't want to —ballots with some spaces left blank will be counted as scrupulously as the rest. But whatever you vote for—or against—be sure to write your own ticket and send it in to the Managing Editor by November 25.

## *PERSONALS*

*ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.*

**SILVERMINE TAVERN AND GALLERIES.** An old-time hostelry, and unspoiled countryside —In the metropolitan area. Illustrated booklet on request. Norwalk, Telephone 2300, Connecticut.

**MAN,** 32, author, wishes correspondence with cultured, teasable ladies. Perplexed.

**ASTOUNDING MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTION BARGAINS!** Stamp brings details. Box 812-A.

**SCULPTURE** in the round. A life size portrait head. The perfect gift. A visit to the studio involves no obligation. ELdorado 5-7496.

**ARE THERE A DAVID** and Jonathan who would enjoy corresponding with two versatile college women of thirty and forty? Box 830-A.

**FRENCH.** Practice with Parisian graduate young lady; beginners, advanced; reasonable. SChuyler 4-2298.

**EXPERIENCED** research worker in Washington. Access to stacks Congressional Library. Fine references. Any assignments? Box 831-A.

**PRACTICAL ARTIST—COLUMNIST** (near New York), paging opportunity for work. Any lifesavers? Box 832-A.

**LITERARY IDEA** of inestimable social and political value needs financing. Fifteen years' working, saving, fruitless of opportunity. Deck officer, 35, Navy war veteran, former officeman, onetime farmer, will collaborate with known author similar tastes or cooperate with interested individual, society or foundation. Box 833-A.

**SOS**—Any men about New York interested in contract bridge? Must be over 35, intelligent, tall and unattached. No fortune-hunters—please. Box 834-A.

**EDUCATED,** home-loving, professional woman (west of Alleghenies) would appreciate correspondence with cultured man in early forties. Box 835-A.

**MAN,** Russian-American, 45 years young, amateur musician with a limited income, interested in intellectual life, natural living, desires female correspondence, similar interests. Box 836-A.

**COLLEGE MAN,** cosmopolitan, much travelled, slightly bored, has dropped anchor in Washington, D. C. Would welcome meeting a cultured woman who is intellectual without being highbrow; chic without being a socialite—thirtyish and neighborly. Box 837-A.

**DON:** Translate:—Club where you lunched Oct. 9 (two words); town where you lodged Oct. 16; restaurant where you dined Oct. 17 (two words); your middle name; entertainment scheduled Oct. 31 (four words). 26, 20, 5, 10, 18, 37, 41, 29—17, 12, 5, 24, 9, 22, 29, 53, 49—24, 19, 48, 46, 43, 20, 29, 23, 12, 26, 22, 36, 17, 46, 18, 49, 5, 41, 16, 6, 27, 38, 22—13, 37, 28, 23, 18, 39, 20, 16, 42—5, 25, 29, 18, 16, 27, 20, 26, 12—5, 20, 36, 22, 29, 24, 12, 28, 40, 10, 14, 45. 42, 28, 55, 15, 23, 27, 5, 41, 36, 17, 19, 44, 16, 13—23, 12, 27, 49, 41, 46, 29, 49, 5, 14, 40, 49—14, 13, 23, 27, 36, 17, 17, 12, 18, 44, 37, 16, 23—41, 28, 30, 41, 23, 50, 37, 8, 16, 49, 19, 41, 21, 27, (9, 25, 23, 19, 14, 29, 38, 40, 41, 36, 17, 5). 37, 13, 21, 14, 23, 50—46, 36, 14, 29, 24, 12, 36, 40, 14, 41, 45, 20, 16. 25, 30, 30, 48, 54, 5, 14, 20, 24, 54—9, 14, 50, 17, 41, 21, 41, 13, 5, 20, 46, 40, 37, 41, 56—8, 46, 18, 14, 30, 28, 41, 21, 37, 50, 55—45, 41, 18, 39, 12, 20, 17, 19, 7, 36, 40, 15, 48—29, 41, 48, 39, 22, 10, 28, 18, 8, 28, 12, 25, 11, 22, 33—36, 41, 28, 38, 41, 6, 17, 17, 14, 38, 38, 12, 28! (44, 17, 20, 16, 50, 41, 18, 41, 30, 14, 22, 28, 48, 27.)

**CULTURED,** musical and artistic young woman would like to be a part time companion to elderly lady or gentleman. Box 847-A.

**WRITER,** young, successful (really not a bad egg at all), facing a cheerless Thanksgiving, offers a personable companion New York's finest cocktails, turkey dinner, entertainment. Box 848-A.

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## PERSONALS

**PREPARE** for to-morrow's leisure by reviewing and renewing your French. Helpful friendly personal letters and at moderate cost. Patter, 1160 Chatham Court, Chicago.

**H. H. . . .** Inchin' along.

**LADY IN NEW YORK,** travelled and debonair, would enjoy corresponding with gentleman who, *malgré tout,* finds life absorbing and amusing. Box 838-A.

**HOMELY** widow—business and international affairs—desires correspondence gentleman like interests. Zeno, Box 839-A.

**LADY,** well educated and travelled, lively and of good disposition, neither highbrow nor gum chewing, wishes sincere correspondence to while away leisure hours. Box 840-A.

**YOUNG LADY,** secretarial and newspaper experience, desires position as secretary. Box 841-A.

**YOUNG GERMAN GIRL** having had one year in first-class German publishing house hopes to find New York publisher who will give her a chance to gain American experience. Eager to learn. Remuneration secondary. Box 842-A.

**WINNER** many bridge prizes, with charming apartment, needs clever partner, preferably mature man, Gentile. If inexperienced but really interested bridge, not flirtation, free private coaching. Write whole truth: Box 843-A.

**WHAT CHICAGOAN** would enjoy occasional plays, concerts, dancing with tall girl from the woods when she comes to town? "Dutch." Ann, Box 844-A.

**SANTA CECILIA,** is there a lady thirtyish with a yen for music so strong that she would enjoy the companionship of a composing stockbroker of an evening or at a Manhattan concert. Box 845-A.

**DO YOU REMEMBER** what a book meant to you when you were twelve to eighteen? Give one—or many—of the sort you liked best to a rural high school library overstocked with microscopic print. Postage paid if necessary. Deweydecimo.

**ATTENTION GEORGE FRISBEE:** Shakespeare was a peaceful gentleman, fond of cultivating his garden. Was this true of Edward DeVere, Earle of Oxford? For clues about the poet's life see Spurgeon's *Shakespeare's Imagery and What It Tells Us,* or write Box 846-A.

**LOYALTY,** intelligence, FOR RENT. What have you for university woman, journalistic booklover, unhampered, 18 hour worker? Likes children and other animals. Physically strong, adaptable, sense of humor. Bargain! Box 849-A.

**PIERRE**—Referring last line your wee sma' note Nov. 1, so's I!! (with obvious reversal in gender). Neither item mine. Cheer up!

**HOME** in country near New York offered to woman having job, in exchange for companionship during off hours. Gentlewoman with sense of humor, tact and references required. Length of engagement dependent on mutual satisfaction. Box 97, Short Hills, New Jersey.

**GIVE** your old bindings a new lease on life with LEATHER VITA. Cleans and preserves leather of any color, leaves no grease or odor. Handy Flask, 50 cents postpaid. Sample and pamphlet CARE OF LEATHER BINDINGS, 10 cents. Dept S., LEATHER VITA Co., Inc., 15 West 47th St., NEW YORK.

**TWO GENTLEMEN,** in their thirties, congenial, cultured, fond of country, music, theatre, dancing, sports, seek educated, fun-loving feminine companionship for pleasant chats and social amenities. P. & H.

**FREE HELP** to writers and contest workers. Nothing to buy. Send stamped envelope. Besner, 30 Church, N. Y. C.

**AMIABLE CYNIC,** 35, impecunious, alone, working on Ph.D. (English), invites aid, encouragement, correspondence. SOUTHWEST.

**STENOGRAPHER-SECRETARY,** resident. Unusual opportunity for young woman of college background, well read, interested in writing, to act as second manuscript secretary to author. Leading to permanent editorial work in office. Particulars will prove alluring to one qualified. Send tabulated statement of education and experience. Brookton.

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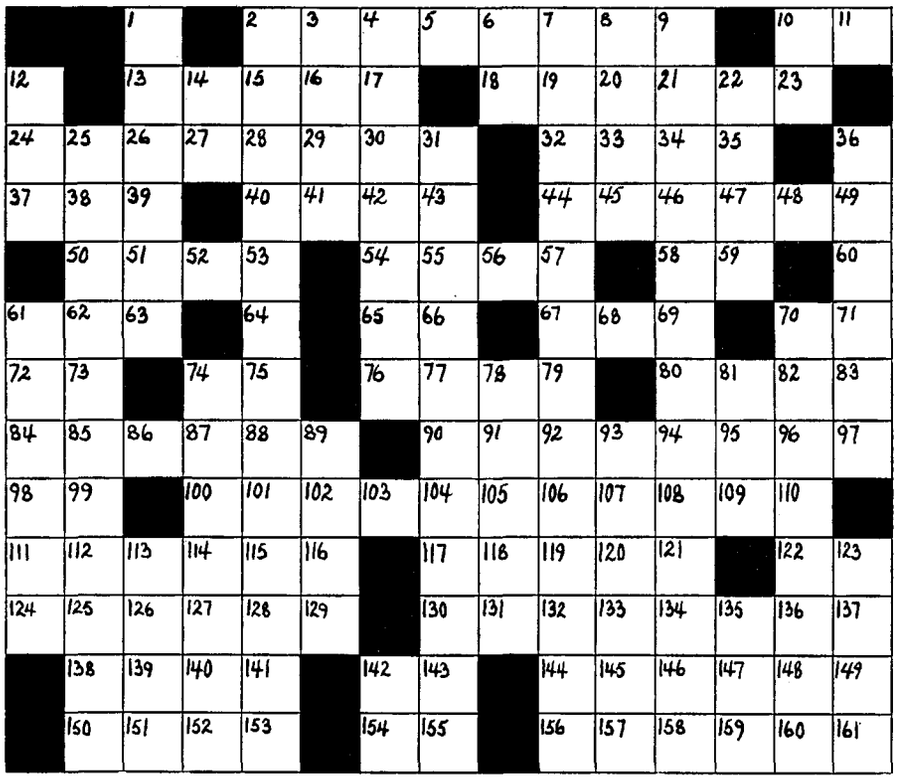
# Double-Crostics: No. 86

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



### DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-three words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.*

*When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.*

**The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 18 of this issue.**

### DEFINITIONS

I. Related through males only.

II. Filth.

III. Irish poet (1865—).

IV. Verbal contention.

V. On top of.

VI. Expectant alertness.

VII. Adopts, as a cause.

VIII. Lotus-eating people ("Odyssey").

IX. Poem by Thomas Moore (2 words).

X. Apple pudding.

XI. Clumsy.

XII. To economize.

XIII. An alloy of tin.

XIV. Adam's first wife (Hebrew leg.)

XV. Symbols.

XVI. Trifles.

XVII. Mature.

XVIII. Worsted blanket.

XIX. Cathedral city in Sussex, England.

XX. 8th Reincarnation of Vishnu (Hindu myth).

XXI. Text of an opera.

XXII. Being.

XXIII. British novelist (1721-71).

### WORDS

78 125 82 133 34 52

159 123 4 28

143 17 95 69 111

56 66 38 42 58 1 113 35 53

81 44 118 105

94 87 73 102 36 151 19 12

23 31 100 11 47 117 108 2

126 41 63 114 21 51 45 137 33

57 62 148 134 140 79 154 75 103 14

104 71 136 116 68 32 43 96

157 99 39 26 72 65 121

48 77 109 124 9 80 27 90

18 98 60 46 55 120

8 135 29 37 74 84

153 158 7 86 30 97 130

24 49 70 92 85 139 156

20 91 152 112

6 155 40 93 127 88

106 61 64 83 76 160 16 50 149 128

107 161 145 110 150 115 138

144 101 122 25 132 54 89 3

15 67 146 5 131 141

129 142 119 22 10 59 13 147

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# A Great Novel of the South

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